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NOTICE.

On Saturday, February 28th, 1846, *THE CRITIC* was enlarged, from 24 to 32 pages, making it the LARGEST LITERARY JOURNAL IN EUROPE. Back numbers, to complete sets, may be had, or Vols. I. and II. may be had, handsomely bound, price only 10s. each.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

Naology; or, a Treatise on the Origin, Progress, and Symbolical Import of the Sacred Structures of the most eminent Nations and Ages of the World. By JOHN DUDLEY, M.A. London, 1846. Rivingtons.

MR DUDLEY is an independent thinker. His reading has been extensive in a certain field of study, but not, as we think, sufficiently general and comprehensive for the purposes of his present Essay. He has produced a book valuable, curious, and interesting, but in many respects very fanciful, dangerous, and unsound. Whether at any time symbolography will be reduced into a science, whether its laws be determinate and positive enough to admit of an exact arrangement and illustration, is a difficult question, and one which we are not prepared to answer. Out of the number of books, foreign and native productions, that have been written with reference to symbols, very few have attempted more than the elucidation of those of a particular age, country, or religion. The aim of the present author is higher. He designs to show that there is an unity and connection between nearly all the symbols at any time employed in any country for religious purposes: that they are nearly allied in their origin, and are referable mainly to some few general notions. The mode in which he attempts to shew this connection is, as might be expected, very often peculiar and startling, perhaps even repulsive, from the laboured analogies and perverse etymologies which he calmly adopts. There are two main hindrances against Mr. DUDLEY's becoming the author of a system; the first, that he has not sufficiently studied the systems of others, that he has contented himself with a long partial course of study, instead of carefully considering all that had been written with a direct bearing upon the subject of his book. The valuable researches, and still more valuable suggestions, of modern French and German writers, upon the arrangement and interpretation of symbols, seem never to have met his eye. In the next place, he starts with strong ultra-Protestant prejudices. This is a more serious fault even than the other. The

Camden Society, in the mind of Mr DUDLEY, is an association of persons papistical in their tendencies and jesuitical in their modes of thought. He therefore disdains their assistance, repudiates anything like sympathy with their labours, and determines to carve out a system for himself. But it is very certain that, whether in other points of view their tenets be right or wrong, persons holding what are termed the extreme Protestant opinions are necessarily shut out from an appreciation of the language of symbols, and of their relish for any but those of a very peculiar description. They almost dread the approach of an external representation, and significant of an invisible and spiritual agency, lest the thing signified should, in the minds of any, be lost in a mere appreciation of the symbol. A striking instance of the effect of this fault is found in the willingness of our author to ascribe signs and tokens represented to us in Scripture as resting upon the authority of the Deity to the mere natural development of an opinion or a fancy previously acted upon by mankind, and only tolerated, or in regard to human weakness, sanctioned by the Deity. In the following passage it will be seen that he regards the account of the serpent in the early chapters of Genesis as a mere figure in the narration:—

An Indian of the interior of North America, ignorant of the use of letters, supplies the defect by figures of plants and animals drawn rudely on rocks, stones, and trees. These, from use, are readily understood by the persons of his tribe, so that the European regards with wonder the extent and accuracy of the communication effected by such simple means. The like necessity of the use of similar figures must have obliged Adam and the patriarchs of the early antediluvian world to have recourse to the same practice, and to signify acts of every kind by the figures of plants and animals:—the personification of the evil spirit in the history of the fall proves that they did so:—and thus the figurative or symbolical use of plants and animals may be said to have been nearly coeval, if not with the creation of man, at least with his fall: it was intimately connected with religion in every way: the institutions of the Mosaic Law show that the use of symbols has been ever sanctioned by the Deity.

As another singular instance of comment upon Scripture, with the strange manner in which an ingenious mind can interweave circumstances which itself finds to be plausible, with the simple narrative therein contained, we quote the following:—

If sacrifices were performed in the garden, there must have been an altar, and a place for the performance of religious rites. When the Deity planted or prepared the garden for the reception of Adam, it must be presumed that he provided whatever might be necessary not only for the comfort but the

necessities of the intended inhabitants; and among other requisites, that he raised an altar in a situation where the rites of religious worship might be conveniently performed. No place could be more proper than the site of the trees of life and of knowledge in the midst of the garden. There the fruit of the one supplied the material for sacrifice, and the fruit of the other hanging within reach, afforded a test of obedience. The four rivers taking their rise within the limits of the garden tell most undeniably that it was of high elevation, and justify the inference, that the trees, being on the central, were situate on the highest, spot of the high place. This was the temple of Adam; and supposing the two trees to have been surrounded by other trees, the temple was an altar placed in a grove. Adam here saw what was approved by God, and the temple in the garden became the model of all the temples of the patriarchs of many future ages. The Deity preparing the altar, must be presumed to have taught every circumstance connected with its use. When the sacrifice was in process, it may be presumed that the history of the creation was recited by the Deity himself, for from no other source could the man have obtained the knowledge recorded by the Hebrew legislator. The obligation to moral and religious obedience was shewn by the revealed truth that life and the exercise of all the powers being the gift of the Creator, he has a right to require their exercise according to such rules as he may think fit in wisdom and goodness to prescribe. Those rules must therefore of necessity have been taught, probably on the sabbaths, at the time of sacrifice. After the expulsion, it was the necessary office of Adam to teach the rules to his descendants; which would be most properly done at the times of sacrifice. By the continuance of this practice, all those moral and religious truths were known to the patriarchs, which are comprised in the phrase, "the Law and the Prophets." These truths subsisted in the world without abatement and without addition, till the Saviour came, who declared that he came not to destroy the Law and the Prophets, but to fulfil. This he effected by his new commandment, "Love one another;" a commandment which makes universal benevolence the ruling principle of every action. Lest it should seem that this theory is altogether imaginary, let it be observed, that the sacred scriptures fully justify the belief of instruction, even in common affairs, having been communicated to Adam by a personal intercourse with the Deity. God gave to Noah very minute directions for the construction of the ark, and directions still more minute in all the matters relative to the tabernacle and worship of the Israelites. If such instructions were given to Noah and Moses, the same may be admitted to have been given to Adam respecting the use of the altar in the garden, and the construction of the altar after the expulsion.

This mere hypothesis is afterwards assumed as a fact, and forms the basis of other hypotheses, which, after a time, undergo a similar transformation.

Noah, immediately after his descent from the ark, builded an altar to the Lord. Being a just man and perfect in his generation, one that walked with God, it may be confidently presumed, that in constructing his altar he used the form adopted by Adam and the true sons of God: that he raised a mound in a grove, and beneath trees, the symbols of the two trees in the midst of the garden. Of groves he doubtless would have ample choice, for it appears, from the olive leaf brought into the ark by the dove, that the vegetable world was not destroyed by the waters. Geologists are also agreed that the strata, or several beds of earth which constitute what they call the crust, or outer and upper hard surface of the globe, was not affected by the waters, which indeed must have continued during the time of their prevalence in a state of perfect tranquillity, for had a storm arisen, the ark, unwieldy and weak of structure, could not have outlived it. The distinction of beasts, clean and unclean, noticed in the record of the sacrifice, shews that such distinction had been made in antediluvian ages, and that the second father of the human race adhered to the observances of antediluvian times. The difference between beasts clean and unclean, first mentioned in the history of the deluge, though admitted by the Deity, seems to have been made altogether on the opinions entertained of the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of the flesh of different animals used as food. This remark may remove any doubt as to the opinion submitted above, that

the wickedness of the antediluvians consisted partly in the cruelty of offering in sacrifice and eating flesh cut from the animal while yet alive, but not in the disuse of the primal altars or primal religious rites as practised by Adam and the sons of God.

The value of the book (for, as a whole, it has value, and that not inconsiderable) is, that it enters largely into descriptions of various architectural remains in different countries; explains their characters, and treats of their use and history, often in a very satisfactory, and seldom in any thing but a pleasing, manner. Thus the cave temples found remaining in every part of the world, the sacred stones and pillars of Eastern nations, and the sacred towers about which there has been so much research and disquisition, with scarcely any available result, successively pass under the author's notice. The nature and value of these may be understood from the following extracts:—

THE ROUND TOWERS IN IRELAND.

According to some authorities, more than one hundred of these towers, some more some less perfect, might be enumerated, and that on the summit of some of them a figure of two points, somewhat resembling a crescent, had been extant some years ago. The author of the *Etruria Celtica* states that several others of the towers in Ireland have been opened, but that they had all been previously disturbed; and that nothing was found but bones mingled with earth and stone. Fragments, which were thought to belong to a funeral urn, were found; circumstances clearly indicative of interments. Many different opinions have been given concerning the uses for which these structures were intended; the following are submitted to consideration. The learned antiquary, Vallancey, affirms that these round towers were constructed for the Persian worship of fire; to which purpose, he says, they are well adapted, for that the openings or windows beneath the cupola might well suffice for the escape of the smoke, the fire burning below being well defended by the walls. In confirmation of this opinion, he observes that in the language of the Irish they are called *Breocan*, which signifies a *fire-hearth*. This word seems to have been taken for the name of Brechin, a town in the county of Angus or Forfar, in Scotland, where there is a tower similar in all respects to that of Ardmore. In the Brechin tower two bells formerly hung, but now a clock with, it is presumed, one bell, holds their place. From this circumstance the towers have obtained the name of *clogh-teach*, or bell-houses. On the west side of the tower of Brechin there is, in a niche, a perfect representation of the crucifixion, which shows, beyond the possibility of denial, that this tower is of Christian construction. The close resemblance between these towers and those of India and China, shows most decidedly that they are all of the same family, and, like them, owe their form to the same principle—the altar or barrow. That such towers were first constructed by the disciples of *Buddha* is equally certain from their constant use in China, and their constant rejection in *Hindustàn*, where no such structures are admitted by the Brahmins, the irreconcilable enemies of *Buddha*. It is to be observed that these towers are extant only in Ireland and the Highlands, the Celtic provinces of Scotland,—countries which were never in complete subjection to the Romans; whence it is inferred that their use was introduced by members of the Buddhist sect to the Celtic theologues after the Roman conquest of Britain, when the Christian religion overthrew Celticism, and of course forbade the construction of round towers within the boundaries of the Roman dominion. That the missionaries of *Buddha* should visit the British Isles will not appear extraordinary, when it is understood that Buddhism arose in India in consequence of abhorrence entertained of the murderous cruelties of Brahmin sacrifices, which, it is evident, the Buddhists nearly shamed out of practice in India; and that the same humane principle was equally wanted to restrain the cruelty of sacrifices in the Celtic provinces of Ireland and Scotland. It being thus far certain that these towers were constructed upon Buddhist principles, it follows in certainty that they cannot have ever been used as *pyrae* for the rites of fire. The Buddhists never introduce that element in any of their religious rites. Had it been intended to have introduced fire into these towers, cham-

bers would not have been admitted, for they would have so effectually obstructed the passage of the smoke as to have rendered the openings of the four upper windows useless for that purpose. That they should have been constructed to receive bells is almost impossible; their dimensions would not admit more than one at most, and that of little size. The round towers have generally, perhaps in all cases, been used in the British Isles for interment. This must, perhaps, be admitted, although the towers of India do not appear to have been ever so applied, and certainly all are not so used in China. The interments appear to have been made according to Buddhist doctrines: no sacrifices of either men or animals appear to have been made at the funeral rites, for the bones of animals discovered in the towers are believed to have been introduced by accident only. Some fragments of urns, such as contain the ashes of the departed, though rare, are said to have been found; but it is known that such urns occur in barrows where the interments of unburned bodies have been made, and their use is explained by the supposition that the person whose corpse was consumed by fire had died at a distance, from whence it was not possible to bring the corpse for interment at the desired place, and therefore the remains, after being burnt, were consigned to the urn.

THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

Who were the builders of the pyramids, or of what nation were Cheops, Cephrenes, and Mycerinus, kings of Egypt, to whom their construction has been assigned? The total opposition as to form, between the pyramids, and temples known to be Egyptian structures, is so wide, as to give assurance that the pyramids were not the work of Egyptian designers. Egyptian structures never rise to any great height, never tend to a point, but are low, compared with the massiveness of their bulk, and flat, and square. The pyramids, on the contrary, like the barrow, are all the reverse of the Egyptian temple. Their height is great in proportion to their dimensions, and their form converges towards a lofty point. The Egyptian temples are adorned both within and without with hieroglyphic paintings and sculpture,—in the pyramids there are none. In some of the cells found in the lesser pyramids, a few hieroglyphics are to be seen, but they are on stones taken from some Egyptian temples, destroyed perhaps by the advocates of a different creed; they are placed in the structure of the pyramid with their figures in an inverted position, as if in contempt and derision of the people that had written them. A wide difference is also observable between the interments in the pyramids and interments properly Egyptian. This people always deposit their dead in caves and subterranean catacombs;—the builders of the pyramids buried their dead, not below, but above the earth's surface. The builders of the pyramids and of the temples of Egyptian architecture formed their structures upon principles entirely different; the former made the raised altar the model of all their work, to the latter the altar was almost unknown. These manifold differences prove most assuredly that the people who built the pyramids were of religious principles totally different from the Egyptians. Who those builders may have been is a question of no little interest in the history, origin, and progress of sacred structures. * * The etymology of the word pyramid will confirm the reason given for this abhorrence. Ammianus Marcellinus, writing in the reigns of the Roman emperors Valens, Julian, and Constantius, observes that the pyramid was a geometrical figure, which received the name because it was a cone terminating in a point, like the flame of fire.* It should appear, from this authority, that the name pyramid was given to the structures of Jizeh, because they terminated in a point, like fire. The author of the work called the Egyptian Pantheon, gives the following etymology. *Pi-re* is the name given by the Egyptians to the sun; *mu-e* signifies solar brightness, or a ray of the sun. These compounded, form the word *pi-re-mu-e*, converted into pyramid by the Greeks, as though derived from their word *πῦρ*, *pur*, fire.† Both these etymologies are liable to insuperable objections; that of the Roman, to the observation that flame is not quadrangular, like the pyramids of Jizeh; and that of the Polish bishop, to the remark that the name is not likely to have been compounded of words of the Egyptian language. The name was probably given by the builders, and

was a compound of *pi* and *aur*, signifying the element of fire, to which the votaries of that element did dedicate it. When the patriarch Israel delivered on his death-bed his parting benediction to his twelve sons, among other remarks he thus addressed Joseph: "The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills." These hills were the pyramids. They were the western boundary of Egypt in the quarter where they were built, and may be imagined to have been located there from the hope that the gods to whom they were dedicated might be induced to prevent the progress of the sand of the desert from continuing to overspread and destroy; as they ever have and still continue to encroach upon the fertile lands of the valley of the Nile. That the *everlasting hills*, the bound of the territory over which the powerful Joseph presided, were the pyramids of Jizeh, may be held to be certain.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Pictures from Italy. By CHARLES DICKENS.
London, 1846. Bradbury and Evans.

THE earlier portion of this work was noticed in THE CRITIC when it appeared in the *Daily News*. To the letters published in the newspaper others have been added, and which are given to the public for the first time in this volume.

It must be admitted that, as contributions to a daily journal, *The Letters from Italy* proved an entire failure. Read at intervals, they disappointed greatly, because they were wanting in substantial information, and there was a manifest attempt to supply the lack of intelligence by a peculiarity of style. The endeavour was a forced one, the effort was plainly visible, and, like all efforts to be amusing, it failed, because the pain of the process was more than the pleasure yielded by the product. Read in their collected form, the same objection is apparent. As travels, they teach nothing, and as clever bits of writing they are out of place. The elaborate descriptions of the first three letters are tedious, and their very quaintness fails to amuse, because it is not naturally suggested by the subject.

There is another remarkable feature in these pictures, which illustrates a characteristic of DICKENS'S mind. He cannot, it seems, plan his subject and keep to it. He changes his design half-a-dozen times in the course of composing any single work. This defect is visible in all his fictions, and so much does it possess him, that he cannot avoid it even in so plain-sailing a task as a narrative of a tour. He began this with one purpose in his mind, and changed it before he was three chapters deep in his composition. He starts, intending to make himself and his family the subject-matter of the letters; to write, in fact, a lively sketch of personal adventure. But he wearies of this after awhile, or, it may be, lacks material, and then narration is dropped and description adopted, and with this the name is changed from *Letters* to *Pictures*.

But these remarks are in the way of comparative objection only. We try DICKENS by himself, and find him wanting in the present instance. Compared with other tourists in the same track, he is eminently amusing. It is impossible that such a man could touch any topic without somewhere leaving upon it the traces of his genius. And he does so here continually. He has something original to say about the most hackneyed themes, and though the *Pictures of Italy* will rank among the least esteemed of his works, they will deserve present perusal, as a few extracts will prove. Here is a sketch of a national pastime:—

THE GAME OF MORA AT GENOA.

The most favourite game is the national one of mora, which they pursue with surprising ardour, and at which they will stake everything they possess. It is a destructive kind of gambling, requiring no accessories but the ten fingers, which

* Ammian. Marcell. lib. xxii. c. 15, § 28.

† Jablonski, Panth. Ægypt. Proleg. c. 34, p. 82.

are always—I intend no pun—at hand. Two men play together. One calls a number—say the extreme one, ten. He marks what portion of it he pleases by throwing out three, or four, or five fingers; and his adversary has, in the same instance, at hazard, and without seeing his hand, to throw out as many fingers as will make the exact balance. Their eyes and hands become so used to this, and act with such astonishing rapidity, that an uninitiated bystander would find it very difficult, if not impossible, to follow the progress of the game. The initiated, however, of whom there is always an eager group looking on, devour it with the most intense avidity; and as they are always ready to champion one side or the other in case of a dispute, and are frequently divided in their partisanship, it is often a very noisy proceeding. It is never the quietest game in the world; for the numbers are always called in a loud sharp voice, and follow as close upon each other as they can be counted. On a holiday evening, standing at a window, or walking in a garden, or passing through the streets, or sauntering in any quiet place about the town, you will hear this game in progress in a score of wine-shops at once; and looking over any vineyard walk, or turning almost any corner, will come upon a knot of players in full cry. It is observable that most men have a propensity to throw out some particular number oftener than another; and the vigilance with which two sharp-eyed players will mutually endeavour to detect this weakness, and adapt their game to it, is very curious and entertaining. The effect is greatly heightened by the universal suddenness and vehemence of gesture; two men playing for half a farthing with an intensity as all-absorbing as if the stake were life.

From the same city he brings a graphic scene.

STREET SKETCH IN GENOA.

It is not unusual to see, lying on the edge of the tank at these times, or on another flat stone, an unfortunate baby tightly swathed up, arms and legs and all, in an enormous quantity of wrapper, so that it is unable to move a toe or finger. This custom (which we often see represented in old pictures) is universal among the common people. A child is left anywhere without the possibility of crawling away, or is accidentally knocked off a shelf, or tumbled out of bed, or is hung up to a hook now and then, and left dangling like a doll at an English rag shop, without the least inconvenience to any body. I was sitting one Sunday, soon after my arrival, in the little country church of San Martino, a couple of miles from the city, while a baptism took place. I saw the priest, and an attendant with a large taper, and a man and a woman, and some others; but I had no more idea, until the ceremony was all over, that it was a baptism, or that the curious little stiff instrument was passed from one to another in the course of the ceremony by the handle—like a short poker—was a child than I had that it was my own christening. I borrowed the child afterwards for a minute or two (it was lying across the font then) and found it very red in the face, but perfectly quiet, and not to be bent on any terms. The number of criples in the streets soon ceased to surprise me.

DICKENS excels in the portraiture of houses. Admirable is this of

AN OLD HOUSE IN GENOA.

This sequestered spot is approached by lanes so very narrow, that when we arrived at the custom-house, we found the people here had taken the measure of the narrowest among them, and were waiting to apply it to the carriage; which ceremony was gravely performed in the street, while we all stood by in breathless suspense. It was found to be a very tight fit, but just a possibility, and no more—as I am reminded every day, by the sight of various large holes which it punched in the walls on either side as it came along. We are more fortunate, I am told, than an old lady who took a house in these parts not long ago, and who stuck fast in her carriage in a lane; and as it was impossible to open one of the doors, she was obliged to submit to the indignity of being hauled through one of the little front windows, like a harlequin. When you have got through these narrow lanes, you come to an archway, imperfectly stopped up by a rusty old gate—my gate. The rusty old gate has a bell to correspond, which you ring as long as you like, and which nobody answers, as it has no connection whatever with the house. But there is a rusty

old knocker, too—very loose, so that it slides round when you touch it—and if you learn the trick of it, and knock long enough, somebody comes. The Brave Courier comes, and gives you admittance. You walk into a seedy little garden, all wild and weedy, from which the vineyard opens; cross it, enter a square hall like a cellar, walk up a cracked marble staircase, and pass into a most enormous room with a vaulted roof and whitewashed walls: not unlike a great methodist chapel. This is the sala. It has five windows and five doors, and is decorated with pictures which would gladden the heart of one of those picture-cleaners in London who hang up, as a sign, a picture divided, like death and the lady, at the top of the old ballad; which always leaves you in a state of uncertainty whether the ingenious professor has cleaned one half or dirtied the other. The furniture of this sala is a sort of red brocade. All the chairs are immovable, and the sofa weighs several tons. On the same floor, and opening out of this same chamber, are dining-room, drawing-room, and divers bed-rooms; each with a multiplicity of doors and windows. Up stairs are divers other gaunt chambers, and a kitchen; and down stairs is another kitchen, which, with all sorts of strange contrivances for burning charcoal, looks like an alchemical laboratory. There are also some half-dozen small sitting-rooms, where the servants, in this hot July, may escape from the heat of the fire, and where the Brave Courier plays all sorts of musical instruments of his own manufacture, all the evening long. A mighty old, wandering, ghostly, echoing, grim, bare house it is, as ever I beheld or thought of.

His own humour is apparent in the description of the

ASCENT OF THE HOLY STAIRCASE AT ROME.

I never in my life saw anything at once so ridiculous and so unpleasant as this sight: ridiculous in the absurd incidents inseparable from it, and unpleasant in its senseless and unmeaning degradation. There are two steps to begin with, and then a rather broad landing. The more rigid climbers went along this landing on their knees, as well as up the stairs; and the figures they cut in their shuffling progress over the level surface no description can paint. Then, to see them watch their opportunity from the porch, and cut in where there was a place next the wall! And to see one man with an umbrella (brought on purpose, for it was a fine day), hoisting himself, unlawfully, from stair to stair! And to observe a demure lady of fifty-five or so, looking back every now and then to assure herself that her legs were properly disposed! There were such odd differences in the speed of different people too. Some get on as if they were doing a match against time; others stopped to say a prayer on every step. This man touched every stair with his forehead, and kissed it; that man scratched his head all the way. The boys got on brilliantly, and were up and down again before the old lady had accomplished her half-dozen stairs. But most of the penitents came down very sprightly and fresh, as having done a real good substantial deed, which it would take a good deal of sin to counterbalance; and the old gentleman in the watch-box was down upon them with his cannister while they were in this humour, I promise you.

Mr. DICKENS lived for a year at Genoa, spite of the aversion he felt to the place upon first acquaintance.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF GENOA.

I never, in my life, was so dismayed! The wonderful novelty of every thing, the unusual smells, the unaccountable filth (though it is reckoned the cleanest of Italian towns), the disorderly jumbling of dirty houses, one upon the roof of another, the passages more squalid and more close than any in Saint Giles's or old Paris; in and out of which, not vagabonds, but well-dressed women, with white veils and great fans, were passing and repassing; the perfect absence of resemblance in any dwelling-house, or shop, or wall, or post, or pillar, to anything one had ever seen before; and the disheartening dirt, discomfort, and decay, perfectly confounded me. I fell into a dismal reverie. I am conscious of a feverish and bewildered vision of saints and virgins' shrines at the street corners—of great numbers of friars, monks, and soldiers—of vast red curtains waving in the doorways of the churches—of always going up hill, and yet seeing every other street and passage going higher up—of fruit stalls with fresh lemons and oranges hanging in garlands made of vine-leaves—of a guard house and a

drawbridge—and some gateways—and vendors of iced water sitting with little trays upon the margin of the kennel—and this is all the consciousness I had until I was set down in a rank, dull, weedy court-yard, attached to a kind of pink jail, and was told I lived there. I little thought, that day, that I should ever come to have an attachment for the very stones in the streets of Genoa, and to look back upon the city with affection, as connected with many hours of happiness and quiet.

Here, again, is a comic picture, in the author's best manner, of

A PUPPET SHOW.

The Theatre of Puppets, or Marionetti—a famous company from Milan—is, without any exception, the drollest exhibition I ever beheld in my life. I never saw anything so exquisitely ridiculous. They look between four and five feet high, but are really much smaller; for when a musician in the orchestra happens to put his hat on the stage, it becomes alarmingly gigantic, and almost blots out an actor. They usually play a comedy, and a ballet. The comic man in the comedy I saw, one summer night, is a waiter at an hotel. There never was such a locomotive actor, since the world began. Great pains are taken with him. He has extra joints in his legs: and a practical eye, with which he winks at the pit, in a manner that is absolutely insupportable to a stranger, but which the initiated audience, mainly composed of the common people, receive (so they do every thing else) quite as a matter of course, and as if he were a man. His spirits are prodigious. He continually shakes his legs, and winks his eye. And there is a heavy father with grey hair, who sits down on the regular conventional stage-bank, and blesses his daughter in the regular conventional way, who is tremendous. No one would suppose it possible that anything short of a real man could be so tedious. It is the triumph of art. In the ballet, an Enchanter runs away with the Bride, in the very hour of her nuptials. He brings her to his cave, and tries to soothe her. They sit down on a sofa (the regular sofa! in the regular place, O. P. Second Entrance!) and a procession of musicians enter; one creature playing a drum, and knocking himself off his legs at every blow. These failing to delight her, dancers appear. Four first; then two; *the two*; the flesh-coloured two; the way in which they dance; the height to which they spring; the impossible and inhuman extent to which they pirouette; the revelation of their preposterous legs; the coming down with a pause, on the very tips of their toes, when the music requires it; the gentleman's retiring up, when it is the lady's turn; and the lady's retiring up, when it is the gentleman's turn: the final passion of a *pas-de-deux*; and the going off with a bound!—I shall never see a real ballet with a composed countenance again. I went, another night, to see these Puppets act a play called "St. Helena, or the death of Napoleon." It began by the disclosure of Napoleon, with an immense head, seated on a sofa in his chamber at St. Helena; to whom his valet entered, with this obscure announcement: "Sir Yew ud se on Low!" (the *ow*, as in *cow*). Sir Hudson (that you could have seen his regimentals!) was a perfect mammoth of a man, to Napoleon; hideously ugly; with a monstrously disproportionate face, and a great clump for the lower jaw, to express his tyrannical and obdurate nature. He began his system of persecution, by calling his prisoner "General Buonaparte;" to which the latter replied, with the deepest tragedy, "Sir Yew ud se on Low, call me not thus. Repeat that phrase and leave me! I am Napoleon, Emperor of France!" Sir Yew ud se on, nothing daunted, proceeded to entertain him with an ordinance of the British Government, regulating the state he should preserve, and the furniture of his rooms: and limiting his attendants to four or five persons. "Four or five for me!" said Napoleon. "Me! One hundred thousand men were lately at my sole command; and this English officer talks of four or five for me!" Throughout the piece, Napoleon (who talked very like the real Napoleon, and was, for ever, having small soliloquies by himself) was very bitter on "these English officers," and "these English soldiers;" to the great satisfaction of the audience, who were perfectly delighted to have Low bullied; and who, whenever Low said "General Buonaparte" (which he always did: always receiving the same correction) quite execrated him. It would be hard to say why; for Italians have little cause to sympathise with Napoleon, Heaven knows. There was no plot at all, except that a

French officer, disguised as an Englishman, came to propound a plan of escape; and being discovered, but not before Napoleon had magnanimously refused to steal his freedom, was immediately ordered off by Low to be hanged, in two very long speeches, which Low made memorable, by winding up with "Yas!"—to show that he was English—which brought down thunders of applause. Napoleon was so affected with this catastrophe, that he fainted away on the spot, and was carried out by two other puppets. Judging from what followed, it would appear that he never recovered the shock; for the next act showed him, in a clean shirt, in his bed (curtains crimson and white), where a lady, prematurely dressed in mourning, brought two little children, who kneeled down by the bed-side, while he made a decent end; the last word on his lips being "Vatterlo." It was unspeakably ludicrous. Buonaparte's boots were so wonderfully beyond control, and did such marvellous things of their own accord: doubling themselves up, and getting under tables, and dangling in the air, and sometimes skating away with him, out of all human knowledge, when he was in full speech—mischances which were not rendered the less absurd, by a settled melancholy depicted in his face. To put an end to one conference with Low, he had to go to a table, and read a book: when it was the finest spectacle I ever beheld, to see his body bending over the volume, like a boot jack, and his sentimental eyes glaring obstinately into the pit. He was prodigiously good, in bed, with an immense collar to his shirt, and his little hands outside the coverlet. So was Dr. Antommarchi, represented by a puppet with long lank hair, like Mawworm's, who, in consequence of some derangement of his wires, hovered about the couch like a vulture, and gave medical opinions in the air. He was almost as good as Low, though the latter was great at all times—a decided brute and villain, beyond all possibility of mistake. Low was especially fine at the last, when, hearing the doctor and the valet say, "The Emperor is dead!" he pulled out his watch, and wound up the piece (not the watch) by exclaiming, with characteristic brutality, "Ha! ha! Eleven minutes to six! The General dead! and the spy hanged!" This brought the curtain down, triumphantly.

We do not remember to have seen so graphic a picture as this of

THE LEANING TOWER AT PISA.

Sismondi compares the Tower to the usual pictorial representations in children's books of the Tower of Babel. It is a happy simile, and conveys a better idea of the building than chapters of laboured description. Nothing can exceed the grace and lightness of the structure; nothing can be more remarkable than its general appearance. In the course of the ascent to the top (which is by an easy staircase) the inclination is not very apparent; but at the summit it becomes so, and gives one the sensation of being in a ship that has heeled over through the action of an ebb tide. The effect upon the low side, so to speak—looking over from the gallery, and seeing the shaft recede to its base—is very startling; and I saw a nervous traveller hold on to the tower involuntarily, after glancing down, as if he had some idea of propping it up. The view within, from the ground—looking up, as through a slanted tube—is also very curious. It certainly inclines as much as the most sanguine tourist could desire. The natural impulse of ninety-nine people out of a hundred who were about to recline upon the grass below it, to rest and contemplate the adjacent buildings, would probably be, not to take up their position under the leaning side—it is so very much aslant.

(To be continued.)

Wyse's America, its Realities and Resources.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

MR. WYSE, like every other traveller, finds the subject of American slavery weighing heavily upon his thoughts. But he does not pronounce the hasty judgment that so many others have done, and heap abuse upon the people of the United States because they do not follow the example of England and at once adopt emancipation, utterly disregarding the very different circumstances of the two countries, and that in one slavery is a taint at its heart, while with the other it was only a disease at the

extremities. But he unites with the reflecting of all countries, and of America, in an earnest hope that measures may be adopted gradually and safely to bring about a change which ere long will be made by violence, if not earlier by peaceable methods, and to this end it is necessary that the abolitionists should be more temperate, and not enlist on the side of the constitution they condemn the vanity as well as the interests of their opponents.

But slave-breeding and slave-trading stand altogether upon other grounds. They have not even the tyrant's plea of necessity. They dishonour the country and the people who practise and permit them, and are sufficient to justify the taunts of violated humanity, which they bring down upon Americans in all other civilized countries. For these there can be no justification, and although Mr. STEPHENSON, the United States Minister to England, when publicly charged with the crime as attaching to his native state (Virginia), denied it as "wholly destitute of truth," yet is it distinctly asserted over and over again by Mr. WYSE, and indisputable facts are adduced in proof. Here are two that display the infamy of the practice. It seems that it is incumbent upon any man having a taint of colour to prove that he is free; it is not required that any person shall own him as his slave.

"Notice—Was committed to the prison of Washington county (District of Columbia) on the 19th day of June, 1834, as a Runaway, a Negro man, who calls himself David Peck; he is 5 feet 8 inches high—had on, when committed, a check shirt, linen pantaloons, and a straw hat. He says he is free, and belongs to Baltimore. The owner or owners (if any), are hereby requested to come forward—prove him, and take him away, or he will be sold, for his prison and other expenses, as the law directs.

"JAMES WILLIAMS,

"Keeper of the prison of Washington Co.

"(D.C.) for Alexander Hunter,

"M. (D.C.)"

Also, from the *Mobile Register*, June 31, 1837, as follows:—"Will be sold cheap for cash, in front of the County Court House of Mobile County on 22nd day of July next, one Mulatto man, named Henry Hall, who says he is free. His owner, or owners, if any, having failed to demand him, he is to be sold, according to the statute in such cases made and provided, to pay jail fees.

"WM. MAGHEE, Sheriff, M.C."

We have heard of late a great deal of blustering among mob orators in America as to their readiness to go to war with "the Britishers." Mr WYSE has devoted a chapter to a description of the army of the United States; and when this miserable force is examined, it is surprising that any men could have so vapoured, or any mob could have been misled by such braggart folly. The regular force consists of 716 commissioned officers, 17 store-keepers, 40 sergeants, 250 enlisted men for the ordnance service, and 7,590 non-commissioned officers and privates, making an aggregate of 8,613 men!

"The officers," says Mr WYSE, "are scarcely to be judged from the high character of those in the British service, though very many excellent men are to be found among them." And as for the privates:—

As the United States service promises to the soldier but little enjoyment, with many privations, few Americans of any character or capabilities choose to enlist. The high price of labour, and cheapness of provisions, equally operates to prevent his doing so. The ranks are usually composed of a *melange* of Poles, Germans, but principally of Irish emigrants, and some few deserters from the British regiments in the Canadas, to whom the change, when made, is seldom very grateful. To accord in spirit with the institutions of the country, all enlistments are required to be "voluntary," that is, twenty-four hours are permitted to pass, from the time that the recruit first makes known his intention, or desire to enlist, and his subscribing to the customary oath, and receiving the bounty. Five feet six inches is the standard height, and twelve dollars

is the bounty money. All free white males between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, are eligible to be enlisted—the usual term is five years.

And again:—

The troops, being divided into small detachments under subordinate commands, have scarcely any opportunity of being instructed in field movements or the other duties of a camp, of which they rarely know anything. They neither have the gait nor possess the military *esprit* belonging to European troops, to assist them in the performance of their duties, or to reconcile them to the change and vicissitudes of a soldier's life. Desertions are, in consequence, very frequent; and, from the extensive field to which they can escape, a deserter is very seldom returned to his regiment. It is calculated that nearly one-half of the non-commissioned officers and privates of the American army desert every year. There is even much difficulty in bringing them up in the first instance. No sooner do they enlist, which is often under some sudden chagrin or disappointment, than they are confined in one or other of the government forts, from where escape is almost impossible, until marched off, well watched and guarded, as so many convicts on their way to transportation, for the residue of the period for which they may have enlisted.

Their pay is equal to that of the British army, but their allowances are much greater.

"Our *regulars* may be few and ill-disciplined," say the boasters; "but look at our militia—there's a body of men for you!"

And so it is, if numbers be the source of military power. The militia in 1844 counted no less than 1,749,082 men, who equip themselves, but are armed at the expense of the state. But this prodigious array of mere numbers would be more a hindrance than a help in actual warfare.

Their discipline, or rather their entire want of discipline of every kind, is so unusual and apparent, their distaste of a military life so great and unequivocally displayed on every possible occasion, that it would be a perfectly extravagant and visionary hope to expect that any means to be resorted to, without compromising a complete revision of the present system—an entire remodelling of the principle of their organization—would render them the least efficient as soldiers, or that they could be depended on for the public defence, or on any other emergency whatsoever in which they may be employed. The annals of the last war are replete with incidents demonstrative of their entire inefficiency in the field, and where, with true Hudibrastic valour, unless entrenched behind some breastwork or safe protection, they invariably secured a retreat before even the pleasantries of the day had well begun, leaving the regular troops, in almost every instance, to stand the brunt of every engagement.

They are, indeed, nothing more than grown boys

PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

These troops turn out on all public or gala days; their gay dress—their strange variety of costume, tending to inspirit and enliven the scene; indeed they would seem as if organized and drawn together for no other possible or earthly purpose, their military skill and capabilities being strictly confined to marching and countermarching in subdivisions and sections, through the streets and principal thoroughfares of their towns and cities, for the edification of the boys and young children of the neighbourhood, and the delight of their female friends and acquaintances, to the discordant sound of some three or four wind instruments, and a half-strung bass drum, discouraging boisterous music—bedizened in their many coloured dresses, that form a strange medley of the national military costumes of almost every European nation;—of the armies of Republican and Monarchical France—of the Prussian, Russian, German, the Irish, and even the Scotch Highland garb; all that unrestrained fancy may suggest, except the British, to which they still preserve a most unconquerable dislike: whilst every other colour, or shade of colour is admitted, scarlet is still, and pertinaciously, proscribed amongst them.

The officers, even to the highest, are elected by vote, without the slightest reference to services or capa-

city. Mr. WYSE was present at one of these elections in Philadelphia, and the following notice of it, which appeared in the newspapers, will best exhibit the nature of these extraordinary contests, and the character and qualifications of the candidates for military honours:—

"We are happy to announce to the American public, the election of Major John Sutton, as Colonel of the 4th regiment of Pennsylvania militia, by a handsome majority over all his distinguished competitors. Major Sutton is a zealous friend of the party of the people," (rather a novel recommendation, we opine, for *military* distinction,) "and a decided Mulhenbergh man. Bets ran high that Major Wm. O'Kline would succeed; but Wolfism ruined his prospects.

"The following is the result of the election for Colonel of the 4th regiment of Pennsylvania militia.

"Major John A. Sutton, *Glass-blower*, of Kensington, *Painter and Author*, 179 votes.

"Brigade-Major, William O'Kline, Attorney-at-Law, Deputy Clerk of the County Commissioners, Member of the Board of Health, received 168 votes.

"Colonel Joseph Justice, *Printer*, of the North Liberties, had 144 votes.

"Mr. Isaac Stow, of Kensington, *Shipwright*, received 110 votes.

"John A. Sutton, the People's candidate, was duly elected."

The navy of the United States is in a little better condition. It consisted in 1844 of seventy-five ships of all denominations. But this sinks into insignificance compared with the naval force of England; and a navy, unlike an army, can only be produced by the accumulated labour and discipline of years. Mr. WYSE candidly admits the admirable discipline of their navy, and the good management of their merchant ships.

Though the United States navy is limited in the number of its vessels, and is considerably less than many of the maritime nations of Europe, it has nevertheless made itself of some consideration, from its discipline and the general efficiency of its ships in commission. With the British navy for its model, the Americans carefully introduce every improvement which it suggests, at the same time that they owe many of the advantages they possess to their own enterprise and peculiar spirit—their intelligence and extraordinary mechanical turn, that is continually seeking to improve upon the means already within their reach. With the materials for ship building, in which the United States abounds, they have succeeded in the creation of a merchant navy, that, in the peculiar structure and beauty of its vessels—more adapted, it is true, for making quick and expeditious voyages, than for the transportation of any very heavy freights—stands unequalled in this respect by the merchant ships of any country in the world; at the same time that their general discipline falls very little short of that which is observed in their men of war.

It seems that already America finds great difficulty in manning either her navy or her merchant-ships. The people do not inherit the attachment of their ancestors to a sea-faring life; on the contrary, they have the utmost disinclination for it, and this is certain to grow with the increase of wealth and the comforts of home. Hence it is, probably, that so large a portion of her marine is manned by foreigners, especially by English sailors, tempted by the higher pay she is obliged to offer in order to procure hands. Mr. WYSE concludes from this that the United States never can realize the dream of her people—of becoming a first-rate naval power; nature has made her to be a great people on land, and her policy, therefore, to be peace.

In this, we see no possible reason to call forth her regret, or cause her the least disquiet. Her position in the western hemisphere removes her from the entanglement of European politics, which must at all times prove favourable to her repose, obviating the necessity which is interwoven with the system and policy of all European governments of maintaining even in times of profound peace both a large military and naval establishment. Her great extent of territory, comprising a soil and climate suited to the indigenous growth of almost

every staple, has made her independent of the possession of foreign colonies, demanding her care and armed protection. Her policy is peace—at all times peace, and with it, the development and culture of her immense internal resources, and at all or any sacrifice that may not affect her integrity, or compromise her national honour.

Nor is the steam navy of America in a very prosperous state.

The Right of Search question is reviewed at great length, but into that we shall not enter, and we pass to the chapters on the Annexation of the Texas, one of the most daring acts of perfidy ever perpetrated by a civilized nation. We cannot enter with him upon the examination of the argument on both sides of this question, but we cordially assent to his conclusion, that neither the law of nations nor the law of morality justified the proceedings of the republicans, and that, although the prize was a great one, the means adopted to secure it will ever stand out a black spot in the history of the United States.

Mr. WYSE next devotes some chapters to advice to emigrants as to the course they should adopt on their arrival in the States; how they should proceed to invest their capital; the choice of a location, and so forth: all of which are extremely valuable, coming from one so well qualified by experience to be an adviser.

The following graphic description is extracted by Mr. WYSE from a recent American work:—

THE LIFE OF A SETTLER.

The first settler in the woods is generally a man who has outlived his credit or his fortune, in the cultivated parts of the state; his time for migrating is in the month of April; and his first object is to build a cabin of rough logs for himself and family. The floor of this cabin is earth, the roof of split logs; the light is received through the door, and, in some instances, through a small window made of greased paper; a coarser building adjoining this cabin, affords a shelter for a cow and a pair of poor horses. The labour of erecting these buildings is succeeded by killing the trees on a few acres of ground, near his cabin; this is done by cutting a circle round each tree two or three feet from the ground, which is then ploughed, and Indian corn planted in it. The season for planting this grain is about the 20th of May. It grows generally on new ground, but with little cultivation, and yields in the month of October following, from forty to fifty bushels per acre. After the 1st of September it affords a good deal of nourishment to his family, in its green or unripe state, in the form of what is called *roasting ears*. His family is fed during the summer by a small quantity of grain, which he carried with him, and by fish and game. His cows and his horses feed upon wild grass, or the succulent twigs of the woods. In the first year he endures a great deal of distress from hunger, cold, and a variety of accidental causes; but he seldom sinks under them; as he lives in the neighbourhood of Indians, he soon acquires a strong tincture of their manners. His exertions, while they continue, are violent, but they are succeeded by long intervals of rest; his pleasures consist chiefly of fishing and hunting. He loves spirituous liquors, and he eats, drinks, and sleeps, in dirt and rags, in his little cabin. In his intercourse with the world, he manifests all the acts that characterise the Indians. In this situation he passes two or three years. In proportion as population increases around him, he becomes uneasy and dissatisfied. Formerly his cattle ranged at large, but now his neighbours call upon him to confine them within fences, to prevent them trespassing upon their fields of grain; formerly he fed his family upon wild animals, but these, which fly from the face of man, now cease to afford him easy subsistence, and he is compelled to raise domestic animals for the support of his family.

Nature appears to have specially qualified the native American to be a pioneer of civilization, an invader of the woods. He is a restless animal, always for advancing further into the wilderness. "The far West" is the Elysium ever in his thoughts, to which he is always drawing nigh, but never reaches. Behold him, how he performs his mission:—

The most prominent habit in the American is a certain rambling propensity, with which, like the sons of Ishmael, they seem to have been gifted by Heaven, and which perpetually goads them on to shift their residence from place to place, so that they are in a constant state of migration; tarrying a while here and there, clearing lands for other people to enjoy, —building houses for others to inhabit, and in a manner, may be considered the wandering Arabs of America. His first thoughts, on coming to the years of manhood, is to settle himself in the world, which means nothing more or less than to begin his rambles. To this end he takes to himself a wife; some dashing country heiress; that is to say, a buxom rosy-cheeked wench, passing rich in red ribands, glass beads, mock-tortoiseshell combs, with a white gown and morocco shoes for Sunday, and deeply skilled in the mystery of making apple sweetmeats, long sauce and pumpkin pies. Having thus provided himself, like a true pedlar, with a heavy knapsack wherewith to regale his shoulders through the journey of life, he literally sets out on the peregrination. His whole family, household furniture, farming utensils are hoisted into a covered cart, his own and his wife's wardrobe packed up in a butter firkin, which done, he shoulders his axe, takes staff in hand, trudges off to the woods as confident of the protection of Providence, and relying as cheerfully on his own resources, as ever did a patriarch of yore, when he journeyed into a strange country of the Gentiles. Having buried himself in the wilderness, he builds himself a log-but, clears away a corn field and potato patch, and Providence smiling upon his labours, is soon surrounded by a snug farm, and some half score of flaxen headed urchins, who by their size seem to have sprung up all at once out of the earth like a crop of toad-stools.

In America, almost all property is disposed of by auction. The auctioneers, therefore, are a very important and influential body, and their number is limited.

The appointment, in many of the states, is altogether vested in the local executive, and generally made, either on the application of some friend, or given to some partizan, and usually bestowed in requital of services rendered to the dominant party in the state, or for other more immediate personal considerations. It requires very considerable interest to procure the situation; the duties and responsibilities of which the recipient may afterwards undertake, either by himself or by deputy using his name, or for his own, or for the use and benefit of any other person or party, as he may think proper.

Most of the other topics treated of by Mr. WYSE in the second volume of his elaborate work have been noticed in *THE CRITIC*, when reviewing the works of other writers on America. We need not, therefore, repeat them now, especially as a third volume yet remains to be examined.

FICTION.

Village Tales, from the Black Forest. By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Translated from the German by META TAYLOR. London, 1846. Cundall.

TRULY German are these tales; such as we might expect to hear among the peasantry in the Black Forest, where the refinements and vices of civilization have not yet penetrated to destroy the simplicity, the superstitions, and the poetry of the people and the place. Delightful reading are these stories for those whose appetites have been palled by the flimsiness of our English circulating library trash, or the extravagant excitements of the French romances. It is like a return to nature and the fields and flowers, after a season in London drawing-rooms or imprisonment in courts and committees. To children more especially will these charming fictions be right welcome, and the volume, which is handsomely printed, will form an appropriate present and reward.

The translator, Mrs. TAYLOR, is a German by birth, although now naturalized here, as the wife of Mr. J. E. TAYLOR, and consequently her version may be received as a faithful one. She writes, indeed, with a perfect

command of her adopted language, and is peculiarly skilful in rendering the simplicity of German into English words of equivalent simplicity. This volume contains six stories, but if successful, as scarcely can it fail to be, Mrs. TAYLOR promises a continuation.

We cannot resist taking a specimen, and having a great aversion to partial extracts from a story, we shall even trespass upon the columns of *THE CRITIC* so far as to present one of them entire, and we choose not the best, but the shortest.

THE BROTHERS.

In the thinly-inhabited little street called the "Kniebis," in the village of Nordstettin, stands a small house, which, beside a stable and a shed, has only three windows partly patched with paper. At the top garret-window hangs a shutter, suspended by a single hinge, and threatening to fall on the heads of the passers-by. Behind the house is a garden, which, although small, is divided into two by a hedgerow of withered thorns. In this house lived two brothers, who had kept up a constant and bitter enmity for fourteen years. As in the garden so also in the house, everything was divided into two parts, from the garret down to the little cellar. The trapdoor was open, but in the cellar below each of the brothers had his own stores, shut off by laths and locked up. Padlocks were put on all the doors as if an attack of thieves were hourly expected. The stable belonged to one brother, the shed to the other: not a word was spoken in the house, except an occasional oath muttered by one of the brothers. Michael and Conrad (so the brothers were named) were advanced in years, and both were single. Conrad had been married, but his wife had died early; and Michael had always remained a bachelor. A large old chest was the first cause of this feeling of illwill between the brothers. Upon the death of their mother, everything had to be divided between them; for their sister, who was married and settled in the village, had already received her portion. Conrad declared that he had bought the chest with his own money, which he earned by breaking stones upon the roads: he said that he had only lent it to his mother, and at her death it became his own property again. Michael, on the contrary, asserted that as Conrad had lived with his mother, and been maintained by her, he could not possess any property of his own. After an angry quarrel between the brothers, the affair was referred to the bailiff, and afterwards to the Court at Horb; and it was finally decreed that, as they could not settle the matter amicably, everything in the house, including the chest in dispute, should be sold by auction, and the proceeds shared between them. Even the house itself was put up for sale, but as no purchaser could be found, the brothers were obliged to keep it. They had now to re-purchase their own goods and chattels, their beds and other things, by public auction. To Conrad this was a great grief, for he had more feeling than is ordinarily met with. There are in every house many things which possess a value beyond their market price; for thoughts and recollections are attached to them in which the world at large can have no share. Such things ought to be preserved, and quietly handed down from generation to generation, that their worth may remain unimpaired; for as soon as they pass through the hands of strangers, their value as a sacred inheritance is lost. Conrad repeatedly shook his head, as thoughts like these crossed his mind, when some old piece of household furniture or other was knocked down to him; and when his mother's hymnbook, with its silver clasps and studs, was offered for sale, and a pedlar took it in his hand to weigh the silver, the blood flew to his face, and he bid for the book at any price. At last came the turn for the chest to be sold. Michael hemmed aloud, looked at his brother with a glance of defiance, and instantly bid a considerable sum; Conrad quickly bid a florin more, without raising his eyes, and all the while counting the buttons on his jacket. But Michael, looking boldly around, bid higher still. No other person advanced more; but out of bravado neither of the brothers would let the other have the thing in dispute; moreover each thought to himself that he should only have to pay the half, and so went on bidding higher and higher. At length the chest was knocked down to Conrad for eight-and-twenty florins, more than five times its worth. For the first time Conrad now raised his eyes, and his look was quite altered; he cast a scornful glance at Michael, and trembling with rage exclaimed, "When you

die, I'll make you a present of the chest for a coffin!" These were the last words he spoke to him for fourteen years. The story of the chest soon spread through the village, and became the subject of general raillery and jokes. When any one met Conrad, he remarked how shamefully Michael had behaved; and the former worked himself up by degrees into a fury. The two brothers were of very different dispositions, and each pursued his own way in life. Conrad kept a cow, which he used to yoke with his neighbour Christian's cow for field-work; whilst in his spare time he broke stones on the roads, for which he was paid sixpence a-day. He was very short-sighted, and walked unsteadily; and whenever he struck a spark to light his pipe, he held the tinder close to his nose, to make sure that it was alight; so throughout the village he went by the name of "Blind Conradle." Michael was the very reverse of his brother; he was tall and slim, and walked with a firm step, carrying himself with all the air of a peasant; not that he was one exactly, but it was useful to him in his trade to appear so. He dealt in old horses, and people have a much greater confidence in a horse which they purchase from a fellow in a smock-frock. Michael had once been a farrier, but was unlucky in business; so he either let or sold his fields, gave himself up to horse-dealing, and lived the life of a gentleman. He was a person of great importance throughout the country; for a distance of six or eight miles round, he knew the exact state of all the stables, just as well as a statesman knows the statistics of foreign countries and the position of different cabinets; and as the latter learns the disposition of the people through the public journals, so Michael sounded the countryfolks, and got at his information in the public-houses. In every village too he had some idle fellow as his resident, with whom he held frequent secret conferences, and who in all cases of need used to dispatch an express—in his own person—to Michael, a job for which he merely demanded a bottle of wine. But Michael had also his secret agents who instigated the stable-lads to acts of revolt; and it generally happened that he had in his shed (which served him for a stable) some jaded old horse which he tricked out for sale in a new campaign; he coloured the hair over its eyes, filed its teeth, and though the poor beast could no longer eat any thing but bran what cared he? the next market-day he was sure to get rid of it for more than it was worth. On these occasions he had his peculiar tricks and stratagems: for instance he used to place some accomplice in the market-place, who would pretend to want to make an exchange; then they would come to high words, and Michael would cry aloud, "I can't exchange; I have neither food nor stall room; and if I have to sell the horse for a dollar, it can't be helped; go he must." At another time he would play a still deeper trick: for a few pence he got some poor bumpkin to ride the horse up and down the market, as if it were his own, and then said to the bystanders, "Ah, if a fellow had that horse who knew how to manage him, he would soon bring him into condition and make a handsome beast of him: his make is perfect; he wants nothing but flesh, and then he would fetch his twenty dollars at least." Then Michael himself soon found a purchaser, bargained with him for a commission-fee, and thus got a double profit by the sale of his own horse. He hated any law transactions, which required a guarantee for soundness; and when pushed to this extremity, would rather sacrifice a couple of florins than enter into any such engagement; nevertheless he had often a lawsuit on his hands, which ate up the horse together with the profit. Still there was such a charm in this free, roving, and idle life, that, taking the good with the bad, Michael could not resolve to give up horse-dealing. He acted on the principle, never to go home from market without striking a bargain. The Jews were also very useful to him, and he in turn played into their hands. When Michael, on his way to market or return home, saw Conrad breaking stones upon the road, he cast a look at him, half in pity half in scorn, and thought, "Poor devil! breaking stones there from morning to night for sixpence a-day, whilst I earn, with even moderate luck, six florins." Conrad, short-sighted as he was, noticed his brother's scornful look, and worked away, banging and splitting the stones till they flew right and left. We shall see, however, which got on best in the world. Michael was a great favourite in the village, for he could go on telling tales from morning till night, and knew all the tricks and ways of the world. Of better things he certainly knew little; for

though he occasionally went to church, he went, as too many do, without giving a thought to what he heard, and without bettering his life. Conrad, too, had his faults, and foremost among which was his enmity to his brother, and the manner in which he showed this. When any one asked him, "How does your brother Michael go on?" he only answered by making a sign with his hand under his chin, as much as to say, "Some day or other he will be hanged!" The folks were of course not sparing in putting this question, and a great shout always followed when they got Conrad to give his usual reply. In other ways, too, the villagers excited the mutual enmity of the brothers, not exactly out of malice, but for idle fun; Michael, however, only shrugged his shoulders contemptuously when they talked of Conrad as "the poor devil." The brothers never remained together in the same room; if they chanced to meet in the village-inn, or in their sister's house, one of them instantly hurried away. Nobody thought of a reconciliation between them, and whenever two men quarrelled, it was a proverbial saying, "They live like Michael and Conrad." At home the brothers spoke not a word, nor did they even look at one another when they met. Nevertheless, if either of them observed that the other was unwell and kept his bed, he would instantly run to his sister who lived at some distance, and say to her, "Go up and see him; I think something is the matter with him." And on his return home, he would move about the house and work quietly and without noise, so as not to disturb the other.

But abroad and among the neighbours Michael and Conrad lived in perpetual enmity, and no one imagined that a spark of affection still existed in their hearts. This state of things continued for fourteen years. Meanwhile, by constantly buying and selling, all the money which Michael gained from the sale of his two fields had slipped through his fingers, he knew not how. But Conrad had bought another field from a neighbour, who was about to emigrate, and had paid nearly all the purchase-money. Michael now set up as a kind of agent or adviser to other people in making their bargains; and he calculated that, by the sale of another field, he should bring matters round and set himself up in business again. "And there arose up a new king over Egypt." The villagers of Nordstettin might, in a peculiar manner, apply this verse of Exodus (chap i, ver. 8) to themselves. The old parson was dead; he had been a good man, but had let things go their own way. His successor, on the contrary, was a zealous young man, who was for setting everything to rights; and certainly he accomplished a good deal. One Sunday, after the morning service, the peasants were sitting and chatting together on the timbers which lay near the village pump, and which were intended to build the new engine-house. Michael was one of the group; he sat, with his elbows fixed on his knees, looking on the ground and chewing a straw. Little Peter, the son of John the Watchman, a boy of five years old, ran past, when one of the villagers called to the child, and said, putting his hand into his pocket, "Hollo, Peter! here's a handful of nuts for you, if you make a face like Conrad; what does Conrad do?" The child shook his head, and was running off; for he was a sensible little urchin, and was afraid of Michael; but they held him fast, till at last he made the sign of hanging under his chin. At this there was a shout of laughter, that might be heard through the whole village. But when the boy asked for the nuts, it turned out that the man who promised them had none; and a fresh shout arose, as the boy ran up to the cheat and gave him a kick. Meanwhile the new parson had come down the little hill by the court-house, and stood watching all that passed; but just as the boy Peter was going to be beaten for his demand of the nuts, the parson stepped quickly up and pulled the child away. Instantly all the peasants drew back, and took off their caps. The parson now beckoned to the sexton, who happened to be standing by, to accompany him through the village, and learnt from him the whole story about the enmity of the brothers, and all that we have related above. The following Saturday, as Conrad was breaking stones in the village, he received an invitation to call upon the parson the next morning after service. He stared at the sexton, his pipe went out, and for a minute the stone remained unbroken under his wooden-soled shoe. He could not conceive what was to happen at the parsonage, and would gladly have gone that very instant. The invitation was brought to Michael just as he was "polishing the Sunday boots" of an old horse, for

so he called cleaning the hoofs. He was whistling a snatch of a song, but stopped short in the middle, knowing full well the lecture that was in store for him, and glad to have time to prepare a saucy reply, scraps of which he muttered to himself. On Sunday morning the parson preached a sermon from a verse of the 133rd Psalm: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." He pointed out how all earthly happiness and fortune are as nothing, unless shared and enjoyed with those who have rested with us on the same mother's bosom. He shewed how those parents can never be happy in this world, nor blest in the next, whose children are estranged from one another by hatred, envy, or malice; he quoted the example of Cain and Abel, and shewed how brotherly hate was the first fruit of sin. All this, and much more, the parson spoke with a clear and thundering voice, till the people said one to another, "He'll bring the walls about our ears!" But, alas! it is often easier to move stone walls than the hardened hearts of men. Barbara wept bitterly as she thought of the conduct of her brothers; and, although the parson addressed his remarks to his auditors at large, and urged every one to lay his hand upon his heart and ask himself whether he had a true affection for his kindred, nevertheless every one present felt sure that he referred to Michael and Conrad. The two brothers were standing not far from one another. Michael bit his cap, which he held between his teeth, but Conrad stood listening, with open mouth; and once, when their eyes met, the cap fell from Michael's hand, and he stooped down quickly to pick it up. The psalm-tune ended with a soft and peaceful close, but before the last sounds died away, Michael had left the church, and was standing at the parsonage-door. It was still locked, so he went into the garden, and stood for a time beside the beehives, watching the busy activity of the little creatures. "They know not what Sunday is," thought he to himself; "and I, too, have no Sunday in my way of living, for I have no regular day of work." Then again he thought, "How many hundred brothers and sisters live together in such a hive, and all work, like their parents." But he did not give way to these thoughts long, and resolved not to let the parson lecture him. As he turned his eyes toward the churchyard, the last words of Conrad recurred to his mind, and he involuntarily clenched his fist. When Michael came out of the garden, he found Conrad and the parson already engaged in eager conversation. The latter, who seemed to have given up expecting him, rose, and begged him to take a chair; but Michael, pointing to his brother, answered, "With all respect to your reverence, I cannot sit down in the same room with that man. Your reverence has not been long in the village, and you know not what a sackful of lies he is—a sneaking hypocritical fellow." Then trembling with rage he continued: "That man is the cause of all my misfortunes; he banished peace from our house, and drove me to take to horse-dealing and bad ways. Ah!" he exclaimed, darting a fierce look at Conrad, "you prophesied, yes, *you*, that I should hang myself in a halter; but, mark me, your turn will come first." The parson allowed them to vent their rage, only interposing his authority to check any personal violence. He felt sure that, when their long-fostered and secret anger was exhausted, some remains of brotherly love would still be found and brought to light, but he was in part disappointed. At length both brothers sat down, speechless, and breathing hard. The parson then addressed them, at first in a gentle tone, disclosing all the hidden recesses of the heart; but it was in vain; they both cast their eyes down upon the floor. He then depicted to them the anguish of their parents in the next world. Conrad sighed, but did not raise his eyes. Then the parson summoned all his power, and, with a voice like that of a denouncing prophet, he reminded them how, after death, they would have to appear before the Judgment-seat, and there answer fearfully for their sin of brotherly hate. He ended, and there was a silence. Conrad wiped the tears from his eyes with his sleeve; then he rose from his chair and said, "Michael!" Michael had not heard that sound for so many years, that he started and looked up. Conrad stepped nearer, and said, "Michael, forgive me!" The hands of the brothers were in a moment fast locked in one another, and the parson laid his hand upon them, to bless the act. When Michael and Conrad were seen coming down the little hill by the court-house, hand-in-hand, every eye was upon them—not a man but felt a secret joy at

his heart. As soon as they reached home, the first thing they did on entering the house was to wrench off every padlock and fastening; and having done so, they went into the garden and levelled the hedge with the ground; no matter what cabbages were destroyed, all token of their former discord had instantly to be removed. Then they went to their sister's house, and they all ate together at the same table. In the afternoon, the two brothers sat in the church side by side, and each held a corner of their mother's hymn-book in his hand. From that time forwards, their lives were spent happily in unity of spirit and in the bonds of peace.

Thornberry Abbey. A Tale of the Established Church.
London, 1846. Dolman.

ONE of a class of publications to which we entertain an unconquerable aversion;—a controversial fiction. We protest against all attempts to insinuate opinions under false pretences, and to make a shew of argument when there is a predetermined purpose to give the victory to one side. It is not because *Thornberry Abbey* is intended to advance Roman Catholicism, that we offer this objection: we should equally have protested against the principle of such a work, had it been framed to promulgate our own opinions. It is extremely well written, and, as a tale very interesting, but therefore only the more to be deprecated.

POETRY.

Morning, and other Poems. By a Member of the Scotch Bar. London: Saunders and Otley.

WE cannot see by any rule of logic why we should pay more attention to the author's muse than he himself has paid to it, and that is insignificantly little, since he affirms that the "poems were written before the superior claims of professional occupations interfered to make such pursuits unlawful."

Morning is the leading poem in the volume, but, poetically viewed, it has nothing of morning radiance about it, but it is heavy, dull, and drowsy as twilight. Our author is strikingly Miltonic. We should not be surprised to hear that the spirit of JOHN MILTON peeps in at his bed-curtains, and chats familiarly with him, so successfully has he imitated the tone—but only the tone—of the gigantic blind poet's voice. He is even more stilted than MILTON, who, with all his mighty pre-eminence, was starched by the schools. The poem before us opens thus:—

The splendid fault, solicitude of fame,
Which spurs so many, me not moves at all
To sing, but grateful sense of favours obtained
By many a green-spread tree, and leafy hill:
The morning calls.

In the poem of *Morning*, there is a strong religious tone, and to this we pay all respect. While we criticise an author and denounce his poetry, we do not necessarily denounce his religion. That may be unobjectionable religion which is a portion of worthless poetry. Abstractedly, we take religion and poetry to be two distinct things; but only abstractedly, since all that is pure, noble, and good in any form of religion is strictly poetical. Now, we cannot try our author's poetic merit by his religious faith, but by his metrical compositions, and this trial is easily made.

Our author has so much of the angularity of the lawyer, that it interferes with poetical ease and facility. This is the principal and sovereign fault of all the poems now under review. They are too firmly bound in the fetters of scholasticism; we do not mean in the use of mythological names, for these are intrinsically poetical when properly used; but there is a scholasticism of style which produces rigidity, and therefore a fluency and flow of action are not found in the poems. This is always a serious failing—a paralysis of all the sinews and fibres of poetry.

Lyrical Compositions. Selected from the Italian Poets.

With Translations, by JAMES GLASSFORD, Esq.
Second Edition. Edinburgh: Adam and Black.

MANY of our readers will remember Mr. GLASSFORD's elegant translations of the Italian poets. It was Mr. GLASSFORD's intention to have added to these some critical and biographical notes. But the purpose, however valuable to the world, was frustrated. Death intruded himself between the design and the execution of it. We cannot say that every advantage was lost by Mr. GLASSFORD's death. We have now a second edition of *Lyrical Compositions* from the Italian poets, which includes all the contents of the first edition, with eighty-four additional selections, and also critical notes on several of the sonnets of PETRARCH and DELLA CASA. Our readers will reverence with us the literary memory of Mr. GLASSFORD. A fine scholar, he has given his energy to the task of translating works which, but for him, had been a hidden treasure to the English reader.

We earnestly recommend the work before us to the consideration of the public.

The English reader will be satisfied with translations from the original, while the student of the Italian tongue will find the original lines placed by the side of the translations. All is here nicely and elegantly select. Poems of the highest poetical merit, and all unobjectionable in thought and sentiment, make up the volume before us. In order to multiply impressions of beauty and poetical excellence, and as an inducement for our readers to purchase the work, we shall quote a few stanzas. Here is a choice madrigal, by ARIOSTO:—

MADRIGAL.

The wind that strongest blows
Will, to strong fire, yet greater force supply;
But even a breath will make the feeble die.
When most beset with foes
On every point, around, and at the gate,
Then does a firm affection least abate,
But gathers in the heart and strongest grows.
Lady, and will your love
Thus powerful prove? or is it low and slight,
Which a few chiding words can put to flight?

SONNET. (G. VOLPI.)
THE DANGER OF SLOTH.

The fiery courser, who with lightning speed,
Would dauntless rush upon the armed foes,
If in the lawn from bit and harness freed,
His wonted spirit and his strength foregoes.
The stream whose silver bosom on the mead,
To village maiden oft her beauty shews,
Is filled with ugly slime, and choked by weed,
If in the lazy marsh it should repose:
And worms will gnaw that vessel's side, on shore,
Whose planks have braved the fury of the seas,
Scorning a thousand times the tempest's roar.
Be warned, O, youth, by lessons such as these,
Nor let the wings, on which you now may soar,
Be clipped or moulted by inglorious ease.

Humbly: an Uliberal Satire. By a Bigot. Oxford,
1846. Graham.

THE title of this poem is self-descriptive. It is that which it purports to ridicule:—its own best illustration. Such wretched trash has seldom come before even the reviewers of poetry.

RELIGION.

A Letter to his Holiness Pope Gregory XVI. By the
Rev. HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D. United States.
Ward and Co.

A REPRINT of a powerfully written letter, denouncing the spirit of Catholicism, both political and religious. It is calculated to make a sensation by the vigour with which the author plies the strokes of his battery.

The Mission of the German Catholics. By G. G. GERVINUS, Professor of History in the University of Heidelberg. Translated from the German. London, 1846. Chapman, Brothers.

A powerful address to the German Catholics, urging those of them who have adopted the movement begun by RONGE to union, for the purpose of founding a church whose scheme shall be more comprehensive than that of any at present existing. The Professor's views are, however, tinged with the rationalism of the German theologians, and the unity he desires is, we suspect, the advancement of the principles he maintains. The essay is eloquent and earnest, and the writer's sincerity is manifest in every page; but it will probably find few in England to sympathise with its objects, or assent to its opinions.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Knight's Weekly Volumes. Vols. 86 to 100. London:
C. Knight and Co.

Of all the many cheap libraries that have been presented to the public, this is beyond comparison the cheapest and the best. It is distinguished from its rivals by the high class of literature to which the works contained in it belong. There is no trash, nothing that will not repay perusal. Authors of note have written for it, or have permitted their most popular productions to be reprinted in this cheap form, so that for three or four shillings books are here offered to the reader which originally were sold for as many pounds. The volumes that have been issued since our last notice are equally attractive in their subjects, equally excellent in their composition, with those previously introduced to our readers. As before, we propose briefly to indicate the nature of the contents of each.

Mr. A. VIEUSSEUX has completed his anecdotal memoir, entitled *Napoleon Bonaparte, his Sayings and his Deeds*, and it forms a very amusing miscellany, collected industriously from a variety of sources.

The Industry of the Rhine, by T. C. BANFIELD, is the first of a promised series on a theme about which little is known to the English public, although the information has a practical value, as well as being in itself curious and interesting. This first volume is devoted to Rhenish agriculture. It is probable that we may make it the subject of a distinct review.

Historical Parallels. Vols. 2 and 3 complete a work whose value lies in its compact and attractive biographies, for we must confess that the fanciful sort of parallelism in which the author has indulged is by no means to our taste. It is a waste of ingenuity, without any corresponding benefit, and it has a bad tendency, by fostering that love for forced analogies, and strained interpretations, and typical allusions, which are the bane of history. It diverts the mind from the facts, and tempts to a perversion of the plain truth, in order to fit the presumed analogy.

Mr. G. H. LEWES has added a third and fourth to his valuable and learned *Biographical History of Philosophy*. He has not confined himself to memoir, but has introduced an admirable analysis of the doctrines for which each philosopher was distinguished, and this difficult task he has performed with an impartiality very rare with the writers on topics that so tempt to controversy. It is a book which should be read by all who desire an acquaintance with the history of philosophy, even though the result will be to make him exclaim, "How little have all these learned men advanced our actual knowledge!" He will ask himself, "Wherefore is it that, while natural philosophy has made steady advances, mental philosophy has stood still?" And then the answer will occur: "Because philosophers have persisted in applying to mind other principles and rules than they apply to

matter, and reasoning from imaginary and not from real data." It is something gained to learn our ignorance.

Vegetable Substances used for the food of Man.—Vol. 1 is a republication of one of the most attractive of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. It is full of useful information required in every man's daily intercourse with the world, and it is profusely illustrated with wood-cuts.

A seventh volume of *The Cabinet Portrait Gallery of British Worthies* contains portraits and memoirs of HARVEY, CROMWELL, FULLER, JEREMY TAYLOR, LORD CLARENDON, and JOHN MILTON. It is one of the most popular works of the series.

We have already noticed, with warm approval, the admirable condensations of the productions of the most famous writers which have appeared from time to time among the *Weekly Volumes*, and whose purpose it is to present the best parts of the originals strung together with a prose narrative of the story; so that a knowledge is thus readily obtained for works which few have the courage to read right through. To SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen*, *The Cid*, and the *Canterbury Tales*, BUTLER'S *Hudibras* and other works are now added, and every person will thus be enabled to acquaint himself with that extraordinary poem quite as much as would be desired by general readers.

The second volume of *Curiosities of Physical Geography*, by W. WITTICH, is devoted to earthquakes and volcanoes, and contains a description of all of the most remarkable of the one that have occurred, and of the other that exist. Young persons will especially delight in this work, which has the absorbing interest of a romance.

Bacon, his Writings and Philosophy, is a well-written and cleverly condensed outline of the system promulgated by that greatest of philosophers and meanest of men.

Lands Classical and Sacred, by LORD NUGENT, is a reprint in two volumes of travels reviewed by THE CRITIC on their first appearance, in a form about fifteenfold more costly than the present.

Flowers and their Associations, by ANNE PRATT, is a collection of elegant notices of the most favourite flowers, describing their natural history, and presenting the most beautiful poetry and the most eloquent prose that have been written about them. It is a charming little volume, and will prove one of the most popular of the entire series, to which we now bid adieu for a time, until another pile shall have accumulated upon our table.

Guide to the Investment of Capital, &c. by G. M. BELL. London: C. Mitchell.

AN ingenious and useful little book, giving full information as to the various modes in which property may be invested, with their current values. It will at least serve to direct inquiry, and prevent incautious investments, and so far prove serviceable to a numerous class who are now necessarily dependent altogether upon the advice of those who are not always to be relied upon, because not always disinterested, as MR. BELL'S book is sure to be.

French Domestic Cookery, combining elegance with economy, &c. In twelve hundred receipts. London, 1846. Bogue.

THIS volume is a translation of one of the most popular treatises on French cookery, published at Paris under the title of *La Cuisinière de la Campagne et de la Ville; ou Nouvelle Cuisine Economique*; the success of which has been so great that thirty editions, comprising upwards of 80,000 copies, have been sold. The Editor has, however, prudently adapted it, as far as possible, for English use, by the employment of English terms where any

equivalent could be found, and by slightly modifying the receipts to the appliances possessed by English kitchens.

The Editor asserts that not only is the notion here prevalent a false one, that French cookery is expensive and difficult, but that in fact the French system is less costly than the English, while its simplicity is only equalled by its variety. "Economy," he says, "is a characteristic of the French kitchen;" meaning by that term actual cheapness.

The extensive intercourse with the continent has undoubtedly largely increased the taste for French cookery, and introduced many beneficial changes into that of England. But the improvement has been limited by the popular error as to the relative cost of the cookery of the two countries. To disabuse the public mind of this impression is the aim of the Editor in his preface.

The work is thus arranged:—The first section describes several culinary implements and processes new or little used, illustrated by explanatory engravings. Then follows a brief notice of the articles employed in, and the mode, of making the famous French salads. The management of the table is next treated of; then there are instructions for carving, but certainly this is not an art in which one would seek a teacher in France, as all will admit who have ever watched the process in the hands of a cook or waiter. An explanation of the terms used in French cookery follows, and various receipts in cookery, confectionery, and the preparation of liqueurs; an account of the national dishes, domestic receipts, and brief instructions for the management of wines in the cellar and at table complete the work, to every part of which ready access is afforded by a copious index.

This publication is, we believe, the only one of its kind, and as such it will be one of the most acceptable aids to housekeepers that has been offered for many years.

The Cookmaid's Complete Guide and Adviser, &c.; together with Cookery made easy. By a LADY. Dean and Co. 1846.

ALTHOUGH it is probable that very few cookmaids will be found to study this useful little volume, inasmuch as ladies of that class are usually as prejudiced in favour of their own plans and as loth to adopt novelties, as their betters, yet will it not be an unwelcome addition to the kitchen shelf. In a case of difficulty the cook may be tempted to consult its pages, and even if the maid should treat them with contempt, the prudent mistress, who has the good sense to look into the affairs of her own household (and a woman who does not grossly neglects her duty, whatever her station or fortune), will not unfrequently find in this volume an adviser remarkable for plain practical instructions on most matters required in family cookery, with some excellent receipts, and therefore we heartily commend it to the patronage of our lady readers.

JOURNAL OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

Mehanna, oder die Wallfahrt nach dem Reiche des Lichts. VON KARL GEIST.

Der Fromme Jude. VON WILHELM VON CHEZY.

Die Sendung des Rabbi, zeit und sagenbild aus dem 15 Jahrhundert. VON EDUARD BREIER.

Der Gezeichnete, nouvelle. VON E. BREIER.

Der Pietist; ein religiöser, Roman in 16 Tracten VON JEAN PAUL.

WE notice some other fictions that have lately appeared:—

Mehanna oder die Wallfahrt nach dem Reiche des Lichts, is intended to be a fable of our own times, worked out in the pilgrimage of Mehanna to the Kingdom of Light. It is from the pen of KARL GEIST. It is a little book, the aim of which is rather difficult to

discover: here and there, in the whirl of relation, a meaning becomes for a moment apparent, but for no longer; it is gone in a second, and carried away in the rapid motion of events, leaving only an impression of insignificance and want of purpose.

Sambier, a Bedouin Arab, sends his son Mehanna to the discovery of the Kingdom of Light, which he himself, during a long life, has sought for in vain. The obedient son proceeds on his journey, and travels at once towards the east, withstands the remonstrances of a victorious brother, whom he meets returning from war, and reaches, beyond the Tigris, a wild and desolate mountain region, where he is in danger of being murdered by a band of savages, at the time of his seeking refuge from a dreadful storm in a cave near at hand, and this because he believes in "a merciful and loving God, instead of a God of vengeance." He is saved by a flash of lightning, which kills their chief at the moment of the projected slaughter of the light-seeker.

Mehanna, wandering further among the mountains, is urged to worship a threefold God, "the God of Power, of Wisdom, and of Love;" but he throws down the idols, is himself cast into prison, and condemned to be burnt, but is again miraculously saved by the Spirit of the Glass, a talisman given to him by his father—a glass which reflects the form of the owner with perfect clearness, so long as his course of life is pure and spotless; when, however, he leaves the direct path of virtue, the image becomes dim and confused; and if the possessor be irreclaimably lost to honour, the reflection becomes totally extinct.

Mehanna now enters upon a country full of patriarchal joy and simplicity, of happiness and content; here he becomes enamoured of a young maiden, marries her, and lives for some time in great happiness, until his peace is disturbed by the intrusion of an ascetic monk, who of course has his peculiar doctrines, and preaches rather à la KRUMMACHER; that is to say, turns the heads of all the women, and produces so much confusion in the hitherto peaceful community, that hostility is at length declared between the parties, and during a violent contest, the wife of Mehanna is killed. Hereupon Mehanna wanders further, and finds a companion by the side of a stream, over which the ferryman conveys travellers only on the condition of having a story related to him. At this point, the tale of the three good and the three bad sons is related, and followed by that of "The good people and the bad kings."

A storm of course assails the travellers, which drives their boat to the city of Folly, where, instead of knowledge, cultivation, &c. nothing is to be had but gold. The travellers, not being prepared for this accident, and totally unprovided with money, are accordingly thrown into prison, from which the cunning ferryman rescues himself by means of a little speculation. He calls the attention of the king to an old coat, said to have been worn by the founder of the royal house; this coat is exposed to view, and money raised upon the exhibition. The king finds this show extremely productive, and is consequently very much enraged when Mehanna remonstrates against it, and proves the coat to be that of the ferryman himself, while Mehanna is almost killed by the superstitious populace, and thrown out of the city.

He wanders further, and at length reaches a country of savages, whom he improves and civilizes, and, because of the great clearness of his reflection in the glass, becomes convinced that he has at length reached the kingdom of Light; and in this conviction brings thither his father and brother.

From all this it is evident that the author had, while writing, certain manifestations of our religious and political life in his mind, but that the form of the tale is singularly ill-adapted for the impressions he has meant to convey. There are, also, one or two points of style

which he will do well to improve; such as the repeated use of the word *and*, &c. all which can but have a tendency to weaken what might otherwise be good; in other respects, the recital is pleasingly delivered, and replete with fancy.

There is a work entitled, *Der Fromme Jude* (the Pious Jew), from the pen of WILHELM CHEZY, to which we may call the attention of our readers. We must confess ourself to have been deceived in this title. We expected to find a NATHAN in the Pious Jew; and in his family the uprightness, benevolence, hospitality, and earnestness which are so often to be found in Israelitish circles; we looked, in short, for an apotheosis of the Jew, and on perusal discovered ourselves to be much mistaken. In the volumes before us, we see the Jew as merchant and banker (in both cunning); as swindler, beggar, musician, and vagabond; as mercenary, dishonest literati; as demagogue, as pickpocket, and blackleg, &c.; the Jewess as harp-player, pytho-ness, impostor, &c. In fact, we pass through these four parts in the very worst society, in the very dregs of humanity, such as we would turn away from with the utmost disgust.

The few brighter elements which the author has suffered to mingle with these harsher traits of Jewish character, are to be found in the Countess Johanna, who marries the Count Oberstein, and redeems his debts. Baruch, the honourable son of a dishonourable father, and Blumchen, his sister; these latter are baptized in the course of the story, and thus are exclusive of the Jewish community. In the character of the so-styled Pious Jew, we have the very essence of all that society and prejudice have combined to stamp as vile in his nation. He regards deceit practised on the Christians as justifiable, or rather admirable; the basest actions as deserving of praise, and all virtue as the mere observance of the forms of religion. This man dies, after developing every disgusting trait in his character, and every action of his miserable career. The author then proceeds to speak of the stately funeral that honoured his remains, assisted by the assembled community of Jews.

Christians even followed the excellent citizen, the noble father, the exemplary husband, the benefactor of the poor, Moses Simon Rosenblatt, to his place of rest, where a stately marble monument, with letters of gold, bore witness to the memory of the Pious Jew, whose race at this moment, countless as the sands on the seashore, and in every respect worthy of its ancestors, infests all Europe, and there lives and acts.

Thus we see that the author not only stamps the one man as bad, but the whole race as accursed. It is this spirit which we cannot but blame throughout the entire work. In other respects it indicates talent. The thread of the story is well conducted; the characters distinctly drawn; which were the more difficult of execution, as not one individual is suffered to remain neglected or inactive. The knowledge displayed of Jewish habits and customs is deserving of recognition, which, with accurate accounts of their origin and signification, prove that the author has done his best to produce a sense of vivid reality in the reader. It would seem, too, that he has made laborious studies to enable him to represent the Jewish character in various *locales*; for we see these people in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, England, France, and Spain.

The heroine of the romance is Laubchen, who, born of Jewish parents, leads a most adventurous life, and would seem to be the representative of the finer Jewish intrigues. Her adventures are planned with talent, and carried out with spirit. Taken as a whole, therefore, we must recommend this book as a source of entertainment and instruction, at least to those Christians and heathens who will not be outraged at finding every possible infamy heaped upon a very important body of society, from

which, particularly in later times, so many fine elements are to be traced; which has emancipated itself from so many weaknesses, passed over so many and such depressing influences, and gained so many advantages, that we can only wish the victory over all other obstacles may also be speedily gained.

Die Sendung des Rabbi, another Jewish tale, *zeit und sagenbild aus dem 15 Jahrhundert*, is from the pen of EDWARD BREIER. Some years since he gave us one entitled "Fluch des Rabbi,"—"the Curse of the Rabbi"—and those who chance to remember it will turn with expectations of pleasure to this child of his muse, and be grateful for another faithful picture of a distant age, even if the extreme romanticism in which it is clothed be such as to strain the sympathies of some readers. The fable of the human form made of clay, which, by means of a few cabalistic words, receives an imperfect life—animation without mind—is inwoven with the story with much grace and poetry. This man, made of man, falls into the power of evil spirits at the hour of midnight. Every evening, therefore, his life must be taken from him, and returned the next morning. The Rabbi who has performed this marvel on his servant, Ascher, is admirably portrayed and nobly written; in short, is sustained with a power far beyond the common. The oppressions endured by the Jews at that period in Austria, the dominion of tyranny and prejudice, are painted in fearful colours. There are beautiful moral sayings, fables, and poetical images, some taken from the old Jewish writings, some original, which stamp the work as instructive as well as amusing.

Another novel by the same hand, to which we must direct the attention of our readers, is one entitled "Der Gezeichnete," an historical romance. He has selected a century later than the last (the sixteenth) as the period of his drama. It is written in the style of those romantic fictions which admit of plots and counterplots, of mysteries and surprises, of glorious deeds and dastardly conduct without end, all eventually set to rights by one word from the Emperor MAXIMILIAN, an important personage throughout, who punishes the bad, and re-establishes the persecuted hero in his rights. This hero, *Der Gezeichnete*, is Liegfried von Briez, whose peculiar habit of changing colour as various emotions assailed him, brought upon him this cognomen. He is persecuted by his step-father, who desires his possessions for his own son, and the victim of course encounters all sorts of troubles and disaster. The story is very interesting, the character well carried out, and in good contrast; neither is there any want of humour: the romantic veil is intermingled with poetical tales, &c. and the three volumes offer a source of excellent entertainment to lovers of this branch of literature.

Der Pietist; ein religiöser Roman in 16 Tracten, von JEAN PAUL. In dessen nachlass vorgefunden. It is necessary to call some remark to this publication, as liable, by its title, to mislead many with regard to the relationship between the "Pietist" and JEAN PAUL. It is of course only to be found in idle fiction. The author, who stands unmasked in the preface, is C. GÖHRING, a name not unknown in the literary world, as that of the writer of an entertaining and interesting book, mixed certainly with a good deal of affected roughness, on "Warsaw, eine Russische Hauptstadt." Whether it be merely fancy, or intense veneration for JEAN PAUL, which has induced Hr. GÖHRING to assume this disguise, we cannot discover; suffice it to say, that this imitation only meets with the fate of most of its brethren; that is to say, the writer has caught the peculiarities of style of his model with really painful accuracy; but of the spirit of a JEAN PAUL romance, much less of its vigour, and less still of the essence of his humour, nothing whatever has passed over to his disciple. In the novels of JEAN PAUL, we see little beyond the mental development of the charac-

ters; all outward probability and possibility are set aside for this end, a plan which has caused much difference of opinion among the critics as to its merits; with C. GÖHRING, on the contrary, it is outward circumstances alone which set his characters in motion, and bring on the catastrophe at the end. Thus we can see no reason whatever why the name of JEAN PAUL should have been prefixed to this work.

Concerning the contents of the "Pietist," we must pronounce them as neither better nor worse than the generality of publications of the same nature. The seminar director, Kwirl, combines with a strange vein of piety a strong desire to see himself installed in a more influential office, and with this desire undertakes a journey to the summer residence of his prince; fails, however, in attaining his chief object, but, on the other hand, betrothes his daughter with a worthy young theologian, or rather rationalist, of the first class, a favourite also of the prince. It is easy to see that many psychological discursions might here be introduced, with which, however, we will not trouble our readers, but rather state that many scenes and parts are well painted; in particular the character of the Frau Seminar Director, which displays much knowledge of human nature, and is evidently described *con amore*. The chief object, however, of the "Pietisten" is manifestly not the combination of characters or events, but, as its title would indicate, the tendencies and struggle of Pietism. Viewed in this light, it must be confessed that GÖHRING's work has completely failed, seeing that he has not been able to raise himself beyond the mere outward forms of his subject; but, on the contrary, has rendered externals and circumstances merely laughable and absurd. Pietism, without doubt, does exist as he has represented it, but not always so; on the contrary, he seems to have taken the exceptions for the rule. He who would contend with Pietists must not, therefore, seize upon their weak and ridiculous points, otherwise he lays himself open to the imputation of extreme injustice; such a reproach can but strengthen the side of his adversaries. The real friend of truth and freedom must seize the subject on its best and noblest side, on its inward spiritual influence, and then evidence its instability and inconsistency. On this account, it is to be hoped that works so shallow and superficial as this of Herr GÖHRING may in future remain unknown to the reading world, and be confined to the privacy of the author's desk.

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On the Punishment of Death.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 585.]

5. CAPITAL PUNISHMENT has done irrevocable wrong. Unintentionally, yet it may be responsibly, in its attempt to deter or punish the murderer, it has been itself the slayer of the innocent. There is an early and immutable law of Jehovah,—"Thou shalt not kill." We believe this refers only to murder, and has been wrongly used against all taking of life. Jehovah himself, after giving it, allowed the taking of life in the Jewish economy, and Christ interpreted the commandment, "Thou shalt do no murder." But we see in that commandment an obligation to guard the sanctity of life most scrupulously. It forbids the stoutest loyalist and the freest self-defender to take life, in any case, rashly or needlessly. In connection with the Christian law, it says it is far better to yield life to violence, than to take it by violence. That we hold authority from man, that government is the creature of God, and anarchy fatal to society, are not facts to lessen the sacredness of life, but to guard it the more, and to fill us with awe of our own power over it. Is it not, then, a terrible fact, that life has been one of the lightest bawbles with which kings or subjects have

ever played? Is it not the most melancholy phase of history, that more has been expended in the destruction of life, than for all other objects,—that human blood has been spilled like water, not only by the hand of violence, but with the sanction of law and religion,—that governments, instituted to protect the lives and liberties of men, have held their lives cheaper than the smallest coin or the slightest fame, and have erected civil, martial, and ecclesiastical altars for the sacrifice of human hecatombs? Governments declare and sustain war; and war has slain its myriads, by a right which Christianity renders doubtful and fearful, at the very lowest point of view,—at the highest, impious. Governments sanction duelling; and the real or attempted murderers walk among men unrestrained and honoured. Governments have made capital punishment their special prerogative; and not an age or a year, probably not one day of the world, has passed since this prerogative was used, that it has not, in some quarter, cut short the life of an innocent man.

The calmest retrospection will show that this statement is not extravagant. Take into account the reckless disposal of life under the despotisms of the earth,—remember the multitudes that have been slain by heathen and Christian powers, either as victims or heretics,—consider the number and rigour of penal laws in the best governments, until very recently,—consider the proverbial uncertainty of the law, the necessary dependence on circumstantial evidence, the fallibility of human judgment, and the worse than fallibility of many judges and jurors, under the sway of prejudice, ignorance, excitement, interested or local considerations,—and you have a countless host of doomed sufferers, wholly guiltless, or but partially guilty. The mind revolts, the heart grows sick, at the thought of the vast numbers of innocent beings who have been immolated on this shrine of assumed necessity. So many are known to have thus perished, with all the advantage of able and humane defenders, and without any malice, that, when we attempt to add the unknown and probable, it seems impossible to do less than say with Lafayette,—“I shall ask for the abolition of the penalty of death, until I have the infallibility of human judgment demonstrated to me.”

England is a land of freedom and law. One of her best sons, and one competent to judge, Sir James Mackintosh, shewed by careful returns, that when capital punishments were very frequent in England, “the average had for many years been at the rate of one person executed every three years, whose innocence had been afterwards satisfactorily established.” A committee who have since followed up the inquiry there have found more than a hundred, a late account says, a hundred and fifty cases. Dymond tells us, that at one assizes not less than six persons were hanged, who were afterwards found to be innocent. Smollett, in his history of England, says,—“Rape and murder were perpetrated upon an unfortunate woman in the neighbourhood of London, and an innocent man suffered death for this complicated outrage, while the real criminals assisted at his execution, heard him appeal to Heaven for his innocence, and in the character of friends embraced him while he stood on the brink of eternity.” In Dublin, 1728, a surgeon of note was found alone in the house with his maid servant who had been just murdered, and he himself was bloody; he was tried and convicted, protested his entire innocence, but was executed; a few years after, the actual murderer confessed to a priest, that he had entered the surgeon’s house for robbery, when no one but the girl was there, and being stopped by her as the gentleman returned, killed her and fled. Mrs. Child, in her Letters from New York, gives the particulars of two cases of strong circumstantial evidence—one in New York, and one in Missouri, where the innocence of the accused appeared fully after they were hung. The case of Dr. Hamilton in Kentucky, some twenty-five

years ago, made a deep impression. Dr. Sanderson was found murdered in a cross-road, with Dr. Hamilton’s pistols lying by him. The latter, of course, was arrested and tried; he made his own defence, and shewed that he could not have been such a fool as to take that mode and place of killing a friend, and leave his pistols to betray him; but it availed not; he was executed, and in three months, two robbers confessed on the gallows that they first stole Dr. Hamilton’s pistols, and then committed the deed. In a speech at Exeter Hall, 1832, Mr. O’Connell says:—“I myself defended three brothers of the name of Creming, within the last ten years. They were indicted for murder. I sat at my window as they passed by, after sentence of death had been pronounced. Their mother was there, and she, armed with the strength of affection, broke through the guard. I saw her clasp her eldest son, who was but twenty-two years of age; I saw her hang on her second, who was not twenty; I saw her faint when she clung to the neck of her youngest boy, who was but eighteen; and I ask what recompense could be made for such agony? They were executed—and—*they were innocent.*”

There are no words for such facts. They are unutterably awful, and should make the whole civilized world pause. ONE only knows how many they are. It is useless to say they cannot be numerous, when, besides those not ascertained, there is the glaring fact, that those which are known were seemingly among the least doubtful cases. This is the most serious and terrible feature. The evil is in no way accidental, and no one’s fault. It is not haste, it is not malice, it is not the sin or error of judge, jury, or witnesses. The law is plain, the evidence direct, the guilt proved,—and yet there is no guilt! It is perfectly astounding, to see the weight of evidence all refuted by subsequent events. A father has been murdered at home; the only person there, a son, sworn by a sister to have been dissolute and anxious for the father’s property; his shoes are tracked from the house to the spot of the murder, and his hammer is found concealed with marks of blood; he is necessarily condemned; and on her death-bed that sister confesses herself both the parricide and the fratricide. Two men have been seen fighting in a field, old enemies; one is killed by a pitchfork known to belong to the other, and too late this other has been found innocent; the true murderer sitting on the jury that tried him. A father and daughter have been overheard in violent dispute; the former goes out and locks the door behind him; groans issue from the room, with the exclamation, “Cruel father, thou art the cause of my death!” the daughter, found stabbed and dying, signifies by a sign that her father is the cause; he returns, betrays every sign of guilt, and is hung; a year afterwards, a letter is found in her own hand, declaring her determination to kill herself, because her cruel father forbade her marrying as she wished; and the public authorities, to atone for the error, wave colours over his grave, in token of his innocence.

We refer to none of the cases of innocent death caused by the confession of the sufferers themselves; for though frightful, they are few (yet if we take the case of witchcraft, these innocent and fatal confessions have not been few), and belong to a kind of monomania, for which no human wisdom can account and no law provide. But we protest, in the name of justice, religion, and humanity, against every unnecessary peril of this awful character. And we repeat, it belongs to the very nature of the penalty. Continue that, and you cannot avoid the peril by all the wisdom and care of a combined world. Those proved guilty must be punished. Punish them in a way not irremediable. Do you say, If innocent, any punishment is a wrong, and cannot be recalled? True, this is a necessary evil. But death is *not* necessary. And death, death only, is wholly irremediable. This is the point; this is the mighty wrong. And until it can

be demonstrated that it is an absolute necessity—as it never can be—no fallible creature, no earthly power, can pronounce the irrevocable doom, without assuming a sovereignty and defying a danger that are perfectly appalling.

6. We come to our last position. Capital punishment has been abolished with safety and advantage. It has been abolished universally for a vast many offences to which it was once attached; and though fears for the consequences were not wanting in any case, and in some were as terrible as those that now prevent the last change, the offences themselves, thus relieved, have materially lessened, and no government now could be forced back in the experiment. But the abolition has not been restricted to minor crimes; it has been carried to the greatest; and it will require more sophistry than has yet been found to prove it a failure.

We have used too much space to give the historical details on this point, and we will hope that they are not unknown to our readers. They begin with Rome, where the Portian law forbade the infliction of the punishment of death upon a Roman citizen for any cause, and continued in operation two centuries and a half. Montesquieu, Gibbon, and Blackstone, speak of the good effect. The last says—"In this period the republic flourished; under the emperors, severe punishments were revived, and then the empire fell." In Russia, during the reign of Elizabeth, and then of Catherine, capital punishment was expressly and wholly abolished, and is said to have been used but on two occasions to the present time. Blackstone, in his Commentaries, and Count Segur, the ambassador, bear unequivocal testimony to the good consequences of the change, in the diminution of crimes. In Tuscany, the Grand Duke Leopold, in 1786, abolished by law "the punishment of death, for ever." For a quarter of a century, this edict remained in full force, with the happiest effect. Napoleon, for reasons which we could quote in his own language, characteristic and instructive, repealed the edict and restored the punishment. Dr. Baird and Mr. Cheever have ventured to proclaim, that this restoration was owing to the failure of the experiment. We find no ground for such an intimation, and are content to set against it the positive declarations of Leopold himself, Berenger and Carnignani of France, Franklin, Rush, and Livingston of America. We add the experience of Sir James Mackintosh; during the entire period of his government of Bombay, the punishment of death was not once inflicted; and he himself says of it, "Two hundred thousand men have been governed for seven years without a capital punishment, and without any increase of crimes." And we might add the experience of Belgium, where, without its formal abolition, this punishment is said to have been disused now for twenty years, with none but good results.

These facts are enough. We can imagine but one answer to them, or one evasion of their force. "The trials have been too short to verify the principle." We reply, "Make them longer." And we have a right to ask it. As citizens and as Christians, we demand that the professed religion of our land be allowed at least a fair trial, where justice, life, and eternity are involved. It is not humanity, it is not common, still less Christian wisdom, to refuse to attempt reforms, because they have succeeded only as far as they have been tried. Besides, the first trial, the first ten or twenty years after a change which is considered dangerous, ought to be the worst. They ought surely to disclose some of the danger. They do not; and they remove the last foothold of the gallows. Experience proves nothing in its favour; its necessity cannot be established; its influence is all against it. Its assumption of sacred ground is at best an assumption, pressed with difficulties, and feebly sustained by fact even in the early ages and the theocracy of the world. In

Christianity it finds no countenance. Its long history has been one of carnage and dread accountableness. The millions of the guilty, whom it has doomed alike, though with every shade of guilt, from the lightest to the darkest, the army of the innocent, whom it has cut off in mid-life, imperatively demand the fair and full trial of a more equal, more merciful, more just, and less irrevocable punishment.

Imprisonment for life is punishment enough for any one to bear. It may be made terrible, beyond all other. It may be clothed with a fearfulness that shall be more powerful to deter or punish than all tortures and deaths; and this, too, without cruelty. Let it be certain, let it be sudden; let the murderer, the moment he is sentenced, be borne away silently and swiftly from the face of man and the light of heaven, to be consigned for a time to a darkened cell, alone with his conscience and his God, the past and the future,—soon, indeed, to leave that intolerable dungeon, but to leave it only for the simple meal or the busy workshop, and then return for the long night, and again rise to the same toil, and again go back to the same loneliness, the same, day after day, for weeks, months, a year, five, ten, twenty, fifty years. Is there a man that can think of this, without a more awful shudder and horror than the fear of death can cause? The only objection is its severity. Yet they who bring that objection say that it will not deter from crime! It need not be hurtfully severe. We would relieve it of all those aggravations which injure the mind or the body. We would give it all the freedom and social privileges consistent with order and safety. We would surround it with those kind moral influences which are found most effectual in softening the heart and converting the souls of men. Nor have we any of the poor fear, that this very kindness will defeat the object. It will leave enough of the terrible, in the monotonous, unending imprisonment. With all prisoners, kind treatment is as sound policy as it is true humanity. The principle is now demonstrated, and we see it stated in prison reports, that the convicts who are best treated are least likely to return. "Where the greatest severity is practised will be found the greatest number of recommitments." This is human nature, and might have been learned before. Let society treat its offenders severely,—they will avenge themselves as soon as they can. Make the laws hard, even seemingly unjust and vindictive,—those laws will be again and again broken. Here is one of the causes of the pernicious effects of all capital punishment. Let it be avoided, if there be a change. Let imprisonment be real and enduring, consuming all the active portion of life, or let it be perpetual; but fill it with healthy occupation, with mental and spiritual blessings. Let earth be shut out, but heaven freely come in. Above all, let it be *certain*. Why can it not be? For no reason but the use and abuse of the pardoning power. That, at the worst, would not be worse than at present. It might be infinitely better. The court that condemns has now the power to order a new trial, if new evidence appears. But this is a mockery, if you kill a man before the evidence can appear. Some of the States, as Vermont and Maine, have recently extended the interval between sentence and execution to a year or more. This is the beginning of mercy, though it seems little more than justice. Why not go on? Allow a longer interval. Let the period before death be five years, ten, forty, a life,—where is the danger, either to society or the prisoner, if there be a power lodged solely in the court of ordering another trial, should circumstances in their judgment demand it?

Ay, but the murderer may commit another murder, says one more objector. The prisoner may kill his keeper. This, it has been confidently said, is alone a sufficient reason against the change. Then is it a suffi-

cient reason for hanging the insane man who kills his keeper. If you can protect the state by confinement in the one case, you can in the other. But though you were compelled to punish the *repetition* of murder with death, it would be no argument for the law as it now stands and works. Besides, most of those who have killed their keepers have been men doomed to die themselves. It is an evil of the present system, and we throw back the objection. Let men live, deal with them mercifully as well as justly, and what motive will they have for violence, what desire to refuse lenity and provoke a severer punishment? Let them live to repent, not to destroy. Let them live to work for society which they have defrauded, or for the families which they have bereft. Then may all the purposes of law and penalty be accomplished; condemnation, confinement, suffering, reparation, and probable reform. Is not the bare possibility of this better than the certainty of the present accumulation of wrongs and evils?

The most depraved and guilty are still men; God requires that they be treated as men. Let society first protect itself by universal moral education. Let it be more anxious to prevent crime than to punish it. Let it punish in a way to prevent; let it not expose and tempt to evil, and then cut off the evil-doer. While it compels men to fight, and honours them in proportion as they kill, it invites the retort of the murderer in England:—"I have killed many men to please the King; why should I not kill one to please myself?" Yet more, while those who *make* murderers are protected by law and upheld by high influence, and the largest number of murderers issue from the licensed dram-shop, what justice is that, or what wisdom, which rewards him who maddened the brain of another until the fatal blow was given, and hangs him who madly and unconsciously gave it? Drunkenness is no apology! No; it is an aggravation. Excuse it not, but punish with some measure of justice. It may be, that many would think it a lighter wrong to themselves and to society, that one of their family be murdered in his innocence, than that their sons be degraded and lost through the selfishness and depravity of men who go unpunished and unrestrained. Human laws may not be able to reach both offences equally, but they can deal with them more justly. They have no right to give impunity to the one, and visit upon the other the heaviest retributions.

Let law and religion be supreme. Let the violent and corrupting be restrained,—not encouraged, nor destroyed. Let the neglected and corrupted be helped,—not left to desperation. Let the ignorant be instructed, and the willing employed, the exposed protected, the fallen raised, and the innocent saved. The guilty must suffer; let them suffer. Let them be surely and justly punished. The murderer especially, the wilful destroyer, the violator of God's holy law and man's sacred life, let him *know* that he will suffer,—not alone in the tortures of an outraged conscience, but in exile from an outraged community, with time and solitude for busy remorse. Let him suffer,—not in vengeance, that is not ours,—not for satisfaction, that is impossible,—but for the security of the good, the terror of the wicked, the penitence and regeneration of his own soul. Let God's first mark rest upon him, that none may slay him, but all recognize and reprobate, while they pity and would save.

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Jesse's Anecdotes of Dogs.

(CONCLUDING NOTICE.)

ACCORDING to Mr. JESSE, the Scotch colley is as good as a servant.

A lady of high rank has a sort of colley, or Scotch sheep-dog. When he is ordered to ring the bell, he does so; but if

he is told to ring the bell when the servant is in the room whose duty it is to attend, he refuses, and then the following occurrence takes place. His mistress says, "Ring the bell, dog." The dog looks at the servant, and then barks his bow bow, once or twice. The order is repeated two or three times. At last the dog lays hold of the servant's coat in a significant manner, just as if he had said to him, "Don't you hear that I am to ring the bell for you?—come to my lady." His mistress always has her shoes warmed before she puts them on; but during the late hot weather, her maid was putting them on without their having been previously placed before the fire. When the dog saw this, he immediately interfered, expressing the greatest indignation at the maid's negligence. He took the shoes from her, carried them to the fire, and after they had been warmed as usual, he brought them back to his mistress with much apparent satisfaction, evidently intending to say, if he could, "It is all right now."

The spaniel is a favourite pet, but his sagacity is, we think, very much over-rated; Mr. JESSE, however, records one remarkable instance of its imitative propensities:—

ANECDOTE OF A SPANIEL.

The following anecdote, which was sent me by the gentleman who witnessed the occurrence, proves the sense and observation of a spaniel. He possessed one which was a great favourite, and a constant companion in all his rambles. One day, in passing through a field of young turnips, he pulled up one of them, and after washing it carefully in a rivulet, he cut off the top, and eat the other part. During this time the dog eyed him attentively, and then proceeded to one of the growing turnips, drew it from the earth, went up briskly to the rivulet, and after dashing it about some time, till he caused the water to froth considerably, he laid it down, and holding the turnip inverted, and by the top, he deliberately gnawed the whole of it off, and left the top, thus closely imitating the actions of his master.

To this we may append a much more curious instance of a dog, whom we have always found to excel the spaniel both in intelligence, fidelity, and good temper:—

SAGACITY OF A TERRIER.

A gentleman, from whom I received the anecdote, was walking one day along a road in Lancashire, when he was accosted, if the term may be used, by a terrier-dog. The animal's gesticulations were at first so strange and unusual, that he felt inclined to get out of its way. The dog, however, at last, by various significant signs and expressive looks, made his meaning known, and the gentleman, to the dog's great delight, turned and followed him for a few hundred yards. He was led to the banks of a canal which he had not before seen, and there he discovered a small dog struggling in the water for his life, and nearly exhausted by his efforts to save himself from drowning. The sides of the canal were bricked, with a low parapet wall rather higher than the bank. The gentleman, by stooping down, with some difficulty got hold of the dog and drew him out, his companion all the time watching the proceedings. It cannot be doubted but that in this instance the terrier made use of the only means in his power to save the other dog, and this in a way which shewed a power of reasoning equally strong with that of a human being under a similar circumstance.

Dogs have faithful memories, and will often recognize their former masters after years of absence. The following is an instance of it:—

Dogs have been known to die from excess of joy at seeing their masters after a long absence. An English officer had a large dog, which he left with his family in England, while he accompanied an expedition to America, during the war of the colonies. Throughout his absence, the animal appeared very much dejected. When the officer returned home, the dog, who happened to be lying at the door of an apartment into which his master was about to enter, immediately recognized him, leaped upon his neck, licked his face, and in a few minutes fell dead at his feet. A favourite spaniel of a lady recently died on seeing his beloved mistress, after a long absence.

We must, however, express some doubt of the strict truth of the "dying" portion of the story. It is a little too romantic.

In another part of the volume we light upon some further

TRAITS OF NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS.

A vessel was driven by a storm on the beach of Lydd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously. Eight men were calling for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the noble animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous dog at once understood his meaning, and sprang into the sea, fighting his way through the foaming waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged, but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. The sagacious dog saw the whole business in an instant—he dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him; and then, with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surge and delivered it to his master. By this means a line of communication was formed, and every man on board saved. An intelligent correspondent, to whom I am indebted for some sensible remarks on the faculties of dogs, has remarked that large-headed dogs are generally possessed with superior faculties to others. This fact favours the phrenological opinion that size of brain is evidence of superior power. He has a dog possessing a remarkably large head, and few dogs can match him in intelligence. He is a cross with the Newfoundland breed, and besides his cleverness in the field as a retriever, he shews his sagacity at home in the performance of several useful feats. One consists in carrying messages. If a neighbour is to be communicated with, the dog is always ready to be the bearer of a letter. He will take orders to the workmen who reside at a short distance from the house, and will scratch impatiently at their door when so employed, although at other times, desirous of sharing the warmth of their kitchen fire, he would wait patiently, and then entering with a seriousness befitting the imagined importance of his mission, would carefully deliver the note, never returning without having discharged his trust. His usefulness in recovering articles accidentally lost has often been proved. As he is not always allowed to be present at dinner, he will bring a hat, book, or anything he can find, and hold it in his mouth as a sort of apology for his intrusion. He seems pleased at being allowed to lead his master's horse to the stable.

Greyhounds, pugs, and curs, are the lowest in the scale of canine intelligence. Yet even of these Mr. Jesse has found some traits proving either that dogs have more than instinct, or that instinct is a different faculty from that we are accustomed to consider it. Here is a case of

A CUR'S CUNNING.

A small cur, blind of one eye, lame, ugly, old, and somewhat selfish, yet possessed of great shrewdness, was usually fed with three large dogs. Watching his opportunity, he generally contrived to seize the best bit of offal or bone, with which he retreated into a recess, the opening to which was so small that he knew the other dogs could not follow him into it, and where he enjoyed his repast without the fear of molestation.

One of the most inexplicable faculties of the dog is that by which he traces his way back to his home, although he had been conveyed many miles away in a covered vehicle. Some instances are related by Mr. Jesse. We take two of them.

A Newfoundland dog of the true breed was brought from that country, and given to a gentleman who resided near Thames-street, in London. As he had no means of keeping the animal, except in close confinement, he sent him to a friend in Scotland by a Berwick smack. When he arrived in Scotland, he took the first opportunity of escaping, and though he certainly had never before travelled one yard of the road, yet he found his way back to his former residence on Fish-street Hill, but in so exhausted a state that he could only express his

joy at seeing his master, and then died. So wonderful is the sense of these dogs, that I have heard of three instances in which they have voluntarily guarded the bed-chamber doors of their mistresses, during the whole night, in the absence of their masters, although on no other occasion did they approach them. * * * A few years ago some hounds were embarked at Liverpool for Ireland, and were safely delivered at a kennel far up in that country. One of them, not probably liking his quarters, found his way back to the port at which he had been landed from Liverpool. On arriving at it, some troops were being embarked in a ship bound to that place. This was a fortunate circumstance for the old hound, as during the bustle he was not noticed. He safely arrived at Liverpool, and on his old master, or huntsman rather, coming down stairs one morning, he recognized his former acquaintance waiting to greet him. A similar circumstance happened to some hounds sent by the late Lord Lonsdale to Ireland. Three of them escaped from the kennel in that country, and made their appearance again in Leicestershire. The love of home, or most probably affection for a particular individual, must be strongly implanted in dogs to induce them to search over unexplored and unknown regions for the being and home they love.

The next is almost too wonderful for credence:—

THE DOG DOCTOR.

During a very severe frost and fall of snow in Scotland, the fowls did not make their appearance at the hour when they usually retired to roost, and no one knew what had become of them; the house-dog at last entered the kitchen, having in his mouth a hen, apparently dead. Forcing his way to the fire, the sagacious animal laid his charge down upon the warm hearth, and immediately set off. He soon came again with another, which he deposited in the same place, and so continued till the whole of the poor birds were rescued. Wondering about the stack-yard, the fowls had become quite benumbed by the extreme cold, and had crowded together, when the dog, observing them, effected their deliverance; for they all revived by the warmth of the fire.

We conclude with the following trait of

CANINE REVENGE.

A mastiff belonging to a tanner had taken a great dislike to a man whose business frequently brought him to the house. Being much annoyed at his antipathy, and fearful of the consequences, he requested the owner of the dog to endeavour to remove the dislike of the animal to him. This he promised to do, and brought it about in the following manner, by acting on the noble disposition of the dog. Watching his opportunity, he one day, as if by accident, pushed the dog into a well in the yard, in which he allowed it to struggle a considerable time. When the dog seemed to be getting tired, the tanner desired his companion to pull it out, which he did. The animal, on being extricated, after shaking himself, fawned upon his deliverer, as if sensible that he had saved his life, and never molested him again; on the contrary, he received him with kindness whenever they met, and often accompanied him a mile or two on his way home.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY.—A meeting of the Fellows was held at the Gardens in the Regent's-park on Saturday, May 23rd, his Grace the Duke of Norfolk in the chair, when several ladies and gentlemen were admitted members. Considerable additions and improvements have been made to the gardens during the last few months. The superb glass pavilion, which terminates the broad walk leading from the principal entrance, has been greatly enlarged. A sum of nearly 6,000*l.* has been already expended on this building, and when the whole of the design is finally carried out, it will form a pavilion of Flora which will hardly have a rival in this or any other country. The whole framework of the structure is of iron, and the roof, supported by delicate iron pillars, has a peculiarly light and airy appearance, whilst the curvature panes at the junction of the sides with the roof effectually take off the sharp and angular appearance which too often detracts from the elegance of structures of this description. Five years ago these grounds were a flat, uninteresting level space, known by the denomination of Jenkins' Nursery, whereas now varied and undulating

prospects here meet and gratify the eye, and afford another proof that there are no bounds to the triumphs which can be effected by judicious application of science and money.

A NEW KIND OF POTATO.—John Digby, a cottager of Buxton, in Norfolk, and the grower of four crops of potatoes in one year, in a letter to the *Norfolk Chronicle*, says, "I have discovered a berry which I will gather from the banks or hedges, and which will produce the finest potato or potatoes in quality that ever were grown. One quart of these berries will produce as much as one bushel of our common potato. These berries are of a small substance, and are to be planted whole. They must go through a regular process in the course of the winter, which is scarcely any trouble, and of no expense. I now have in my possession a quantity of potatoes raised from these berries last year; and it is my intention to grow crop after crop this year, until the fourth crop. The size of the potatoes raised from the berries the first year is about that of a duck's egg. The berries are so numerous that all England can be supplied."

About a fortnight ago, as a man named Thomas Holland was in the act of digging a grave in the yard of Cowgill Bridge Church, in Dent, when he had dug about four feet deep he came in contact with a skull. On taking it up, he found in the inside a quantity of hay and straw; out of which, to the no small amazement of Mr. Holland, jumped two full-grown mice. How they got there, or what was their fancy for building a nest so much below the surface of the ground, remains a mystery.—*Preston Chronicle*.

At Hackness, near Scarborough, is an old oak tree, surrounded with ivy, in which a wild duck has built her nest this season, and may now be seen sitting upon ten eggs, at the height of seven or eight feet from the ground.—*Hull Packet*.

SEA SPARROWS.—Last week, on the *Aurora* leaving the Broomielaw for Belfast, a sparrow's nest was discovered in the rigging, but the birds did not choose to accompany their nest on that occasion, to the Green Isle. On the return of the vessel, however, the sparrows again visited their former abode, which had not been disturbed by the voyage, and deposited an egg in it, which attached them so much to it, that they valorously left their native land, and sailed with the *Aurora* for Ireland.—*Glasgow Argus*.

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

*A Journey down the Mississippi in the Winter of 1845-6. By an American, on a visit to England.**

BURLINGTON, Nov. 24, 1845. Monday morning.—The good steamer *Falcon* hove in sight, commanded by my friend, Capt. M—, and I left Burlington on my long-promised tour to England to visit my mother.

Tuesday.—Left Montrose for Kentuck, forty miles below Burlington, hoping to get a steamboat below the Rapids, not dependent upon the fickleness of the winds and waves to prosecute my journey to St. Louis.

Nov. 26th.—Left Kentuck on board the *Sarah Anne* with upwards of 200 passengers, all anxious like myself to escape a northern winter, and hurrying to a warmer climate.

27th.—Ice in the river in immense quantities; one of the coldest mornings I ever experienced; too cold to eat breakfast or get away from the stove. Boat aground twelve miles from our place of departure, and the thermometer 26 degrees below zero. Our captain is evidently a man of no energy; and if the present inclement weather continues, there is no possible hope of getting down by water.

28th.—Still very cold; we are getting along very slowly; left Quincy forty miles below Kentuck this morning with the river full of ice.

29th.—Passed Hannibal this morning; the steamer *Viola* aground there, bound down the stream.

* This Journal has been forwarded to us by the writer, and it is obviously so truthful a description of a voyage through a region unknown to most of our readers, that we readily avail ourselves of the contribution.

30th.—As cold as ever; the boat landed at eight o'clock, and after giving our large family the last meal our provisions allowed, our captain announced that the trip would be abandoned in consequence of ice, and all staying on board would be charged one dollar per day board. As the boat is not on the main land, the ice not very strong, and no chance of obtaining any kind of conveyance to proceed, I am determined to stay till the day of judgment, if I can't get away without going on foot through trackless wastes and crossing half-frozen rivers; although the majority of our passengers are preparing to take this means of going ahead, bad as it is. Two o'clock p.m.—The *Viola* has just come in sight, commanded by an acquaintance, and all the passengers left on the *Sarah Anne* have embarked on her, and she is determined to proceed, although the chances of getting her down are but poor.

Dec. 1.—Picked up nearly all the passengers that left yesterday at Louisiana, ten miles below the boat. The *Sarah Anne* pushed on immediately after the *Viola* left, and came on directly behind her, thus behaving in a most shameful manner to her passengers, driving them out into the woods; at least all that were green enough to go. Five o'clock p.m.—Arrived at Worthington, landing where the river is frozen over hard and fast. Seventy miles above St. Louis. Tomorrow we must take Shanks' horse sure enough, and get along as well as we can.

2nd.—Six gentlemen, myself included, hired a waggon today, and, getting our baggage to put in it, beheld four women and eight children have taken possession, and no resource but to put our baggage on board, and walk to the next town, thirty miles distant. Women have no money, and gentlemen have to pay waggoner before he will go.

3rd.—Staid at New Hope all night; paid women's tavern bill, and hired a fresh waggon for gentlemen to ride in; women objecting very much, as we have paid the seat thus far.

4th.—Arrived at Troy last night after thirty miles' travel in a rough open waggon, snow a foot deep, and weather very cold, but still not so bad as walking all the way. The country very poor, but the farmers apparently wealthy and industrious.

5th.—Arrived at St. Charles, after forty miles' travelling yesterday; the Missouri river is open at this place, but closed above and below.

6th.—St. Louis, after as fatiguing a journey as I ever undertook. Crossing the Missouri at St. Charles was worse than all the rest; we paid a dollar each to be landed on a bar a mile from the river bank, and every man was obliged to shoulder his baggage and walk over the roughest kind of ice, and through water two feet deep to reach the shore. Many persons offered five dollars to get a man to carry their trunks, but as all on the ice were travellers, with their own baggage to take care of, none would or could aid his neighbour. I got over after an hour's hard work, but I was completely exhausted when I reached the shore. I have at last arrived here, but without anything that I had intended to have taken with me to England at the request of my mother and sisters; corn-meal, dried peaches, and a number of articles beside, are all left on board the *Sarah Anne*. The river here is completely frozen over for the first time in eleven years, and thousands of persons are crossing on the ice, which the cold weather is making stronger every day. The city is thronged with strangers like myself anxious to get east or south; as all the stages are engaged for a fortnight to go eastward, I believe I will try to work my way to New Orleans by going to Cairo, or some point below where the navigation will permit of steamers running southward. I see many vessels advertised for Liverpool in New Orleans newspapers, and I think that will be as good a point as New York to sail from.

10th, 3 o'clock, a.m.—Left St. Louis for New Orleans by land, after stopping four days there to decide where and which way I should go. The thermometer was twenty-three degrees below zero this morning when I left the hotel, and taking the precaution to leave the greater part of my baggage until my return, for fear of a repetition of my Missouri river adventures, I mounted a dilapidated old stage, open on all sides to the weather, and started off in company with six other unfortunates like myself. The moon shone brightly over the frozen ground and snowy house-tops, both on humble cottage and residences of more lofty pretensions, alike in its softening light, and as the comfortable glow of the lamp glistened through some of the windows of the dwellings, I wondered if

any of the inhabitants awoke, as our vehicle rattled by, to send a prayer after the adventurous traveller in such inclement weather. Beautiful, indeed, appeared the United States arsenal with its pleasant grounds and shady walks enveloped as they were with a covering of snow, and equally beautiful appeared the tasty country seats, the abode of citizens retired from the conflict after wealth in the city we had just left behind us; and as the bright moon shone forth displaying our long and cheerless road, I almost wished it might become suddenly eclipsed, that we should not see the long, long road before us. As all things must have an end some time, so ended the moonlight, and day once more dawned upon us, as stiff and more than half-frozen we alighted at a whitewashed, neat-looking cabin by the roadside, and were ushered into a room where city refinement was blended with country rusticity. Over a huge fire-place, whose capacious mouth contained a fire made of at least a cord of wood, and sending its cheerful glow to the most distant portion of the apartment, hung a gilt mantle-mirror (although mantle there was none), and the handsome Brussels carpet contrasted curiously with the puncheon floor beneath it. Breakfast was soon announced in an adjoining apartment, and as we came in I recognized in our host a bankrupt merchant from St. Louis with whom I was once acquainted. Driven by mercantile troubles from the city, he had retreated to a farm owned by his wife, and with his family, consisting of wife and one daughter, had carried part of their city refinements into the wildest portion of Missouri. An excellent breakfast, eaten on gilt china, with silver spoons, soon restored us to our warmth, and before we mounted the stage I looked around for the last time upon astral lamps, a piano, mahogany chairs, and marble centre-table, in a backwoods log cabin, and it will probably be some time before I again see these paraphernalia.

11th.—Still onward, in the intensely cold atmosphere of a severe northern winter; all night, without any sleep, I sat upon the front of a covered waggon, filled with unhappy beings (especially one grumbling Englishman), who occasionally made the air vocal with their lamentations about cold and discomfort; and as I sat wrapped up in my buffalo robe I thought they might, at least, congratulate themselves upon being more comfortable than I was, who had been obliged to take an "outside seat," which meant, to walk half the way, and sit on the edge of the waggon the balance of the time, with my feet half frozen. Arrived at Potosi, for breakfast, having passed through "Old Mères de la Motte," an ancient French town and lead-mine post, but now decayed, and almost abandoned, save by a few French families of the old *régime*, who exist rather than live. Potosi is also in the midst of the lead region, and one of the dreariest-looking places I ever saw. In this we all agreed. We looked at the cold room into which the landlord ushered half-a-dozen frozen beings who had ridden all night in the cold. After breakfast we pushed through a miserable country, and over the roughest roads I ever saw. For the first time we entered into the pine country, looking still more dreary than any we had passed through yet, with the eternal evergreens waving and sighing in the frosty air far above our head, and the prostrate bodies of other half-burned giants lying at our feet and all around us, as we walked up and down the almost inaccessible hills with which the country abounds, or rather which constitute the country. We have now entered the iron region, and the huge masses of iron ore which block up the roads in every direction render the way still more precarious. We passed an abandoned iron furnace a short time ago, with its huge cupola cracked and rent in every direction. The abundance of iron utensils of different kinds is, at least, evidence that the proprietor did not labour altogether in vain. The far-famed iron mountain which has been shewing us its lofty head, enveloped in the clear and frosty atmosphere all day, is at length at hand, and we are preparing to ascend. Our driver, a fresh one, assures us, as usual, that it is more than our necks are worth to ride up its steep, rugged, and slippery sides, so we must, *per force*, walk up. Several thousand cords of wood, cut upon the lands of that easy and accommodating old gentleman, Uncle Sam, shew that the celebrated iron mountain company, about which so much has been said and sung, have at last commenced operations. Whenever a really useful operation is started in this country, how natural is it to divest it of its utility, and envelop it in such a fog of romance and nonsense, that one can scarcely decide whether it is worthy of attention or not.

Here was a company started for the ostensible purpose of purchasing the iron mountain (which they did), and of erecting furnaces, &c. for the manufacture of that most useful metal therefrom. Instead, however, of going to work and doing the latter, they founded an immense city at the mount, called Iron Mount City, commenced a railroad to the Mississippi river, and founded another city *there*, called after the mighty river, and intended to vie with it in magnitude. Charts, plans, and maps in abundance were made, beautifully painted and drawn off, with hundreds of steamers making for Mississippi city, and thousands of railroad cars running from Iron Mount City; and all this before a pound of iron or even the furnaces had been made! Ten years have elapsed, and still the gigantic trees which nature placed there are the only improvements made in these (to be) great cities, and the company has just begun to put their shoulder to the wheel in a common sense way. Hundreds of tons of iron ore obstruct the road, and render it almost impassable, while our elevated situation is any thing but pleasant in such weather. It must be a most delightful excursion to pass over these hills, now so barren and dreary, in summer, when the snow is away, and examine the various localities nature has made so bountiful; for, meagre as these hills appear, beneath their surface is a rich reward in copper, lead, and iron, to the adventurous miners. The "Great Mammoth Lead Cave," discovered a year ago by a General Hunt, is but a short distance to our right, but our road will not go by it. This cave is estimated to contain an inexhaustible supply of lead ore; 56,000 lbs. have been raised in one day, and it would not be difficult to obtain double that quantity per day.

12th.—Going again all night; passed through Caledonia, Farmington, and Fredericktown. Between the two latter places we met the agent for the stage route. He was assailed by all hands except myself, with a torrent of reproaches for bad stages, horses, &c. I stood quietly, a looker-on, and was not a little amused when he answered by informing them they must change waggons here, and take an open one in place of the covered one we had come in thus far! This was a cunning scheme to divert their clamour, for all unanimously declared they would not give up the one we had come in, and seven angry passengers were more than a match for three common men. This was at one o'clock, a.m. and in fifteen minutes we left, with a negro driver, for "further on," to parts unknown. Sitting very uncomfortably on the edge of the front (a seat I had been obliged to take, being, *par excellence*, the "outside seat") an hour after, dozing as much as my position would allow, I fancied the negro was driving too much on one side, but had scarce time for reflection, before, lo! over we went! The last thing I remember was the negro falling a black and helpless mass beneath the vehicle, while I took a flying jump through the air; my feet caught in the reins, and I fell heels up, on the top of my hat, mashing it up and ruining it. Jumping up, I ran to the waggon to hold the horses, for the noise the "insides" were making was enough to frighten the dead. Every body got out at last unhurt, righted up the waggon, and got ready to proceed. It was amusing to see how many candidates there then were for my seat in front; I at last got the best in the concern in exchange, and tying a handkerchief round my head, we got going again once more, and I got a comfortable nap, the first since leaving St. Louis. Arrived at night at Jackson, a little village on the top of a hill, perfectly satisfied with our mountain journey, and every person agreed in resting one night before going any further.

14th.—Sunday morning, got under way once more, after resting a day at Jackson. We are destined for New Madrid, seventy miles distant, although the reports of travellers from below seem to render it very uncertain when we are going to meet with the great object of our search, a steamboat. Three of us are *compagnons de voyage*, perched in a miserable waggon drawn by a North Carolina team, which includes every thing worthless in the shape of horseflesh, so that nothing more can be said, than I fear they will never drag our baggage to our destination, even if we walk all the way.

15th.—Up hill and down all day yesterday, twenty-five miles to Benton, consisting of a court-house and tavern, and right glad were our jaded Rosinantes to get there. This morning they seem a good deal brighter, and as we have seen the last of the hills, there is some hope of doing better. To-day we

passed through a perfect dead level country, and this evening I was not a little amused at the *naïveté* with which a pretty young girl confessed to me with a sigh that she "had never seen a hill or a stone."

16th.—New Madrid, having travelled nearly all night. This place is remarkable as having been the scene of numerous shocks of earthquakes in 1808-15, destroying many lives and much property. The evidences of these shocks are still abundant in ruined houses and cracked chimneys. The river here has risen five feet, and many boats are coming from the Ohio. I am more than half ill; my throat is so sore, I can scarcely swallow, with a cough that never leaves me for a moment, and added to frozen feet I am ready to go to bed in earnest.

(To be continued.)

ART.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

ANOTHER visit to this gallery has reminded us that in our summary notice of the painters who this year offer historical and imaginative works, we overpassed some whose merits not only justify, but call for, especial remark. Foremost among these stands Mr. HARVEY, of the Royal Scotch Academy, whose picture, *First Reading of the Bible in the Crypt of Old St. Paul's* (No. 592) attracts a large share of attention from the visitors to the Exhibition. It is finely conceived, remarkable for originality, power, and the marking of character; and had it a less monotonous colouring and a better distribution of light and shade, it would be one of the finest works this year submitted to the public. Mr. FRITH sends two pictures; the one a simple cottage scene, *The Return from Labour* (No. 341), a subject below the flight of the artist's genius, and the other a charmingly-painted representation of the amusing incident in Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," where Madame Jourdain detects her husband at dinner with the Belle Marquise and the Count Dorante (No. 496.) This is a work which justifies his election to "the Associateship," and, having fewer sins of ill-drawing and faulty proportions than most of his compositions, proves his hand is becoming more sure, and capable of adequately embodying the creation of his fancy. Mr. F. GOODALL exhibits here two subjects, neither of which is equal to his *Le Bon Cure*, which graced these walls last year, much less his works at the British Institution. The largest of these is *Spanish Peasants Retreating from the French Army* (No. 84), the chief merit of which lies in the accuracy with which the circumstance of precipitate flight is detailed, and its most obvious defect a weakness of background, the landscape portion of the picture being slovenly and unsuccessful. The other is *Going to Vespers* (No. 239), a detailed notice of which will be found below. Mr. O'NEILL'S only work, *Israelites in Captivity bewailing for Jerusalem* (No. 713) is remarkable for the graceful combination of lines, and studied Academy postures, which he always affects. His drawing is here not so incorrect as it heretofore has been, and there is more of sentiment infused into this picture than is usually to be found in the works of this artist. Mr. EGG, in *Buckingham rebuffed* (No. 490), has produced an entertaining and meritorious picture. He seems, in this instance, to have shaken off the mannerism of conception and of treatment which has hitherto fettered him, and occasioned doubts that originality was not a characteristic of his genius. The picture has, perhaps, too many reds, and the tapestry-hung wall stands as forward as the figures. The action, colouring, and expression are just and meritorious. Mr. T. MOGFORD exhibits a promising work, *The Loves of the Angels* (No. 550), the composition of which is striking and clever, and the colouring good. It is a showy and attractive picture; one, too, that, were the landscape in better keeping—that is, less variegated

and spotty—would be covetable. Mr. SEVERN'S *Mary, the Sister of Lazarus* (No. 678), though placed disadvantageously in the octagon room, finds many admirers. It is an expressive, finely-painted head, and of a delicate and transparent colouring.

In still-life the most remarkable work is by Mr. LANCE, *Preparation for a Banquet* (No. 604). It is the only picture the artist this year sends to the Academy; a circumstance, looking at the excellence of the productions of his genius, to be lamented. The present work is a collection of gold and silver vases and salvers, with a profusion of rich fruit and the blossoms of a convolvulus, so arranged and painted, as LANCE alone, of all living artists, can group and paint. Altogether it forms a gorgeous picture, attracts a large share of attention, and, being a subject which every one can understand, is universally commended.

We resume our notice in detail of such of the works exhibited as require it.

No. 138. *Jessica*. S. A. HART, R.A.—This is incomparably the best picture the artist this year lays before the public. The expression and character of this lovely Jewess are just such as the inimitable portraiture of her which Shakspeare has bequeathed to posterity conveys to us. The colouring is glowing, and the finish faultless. The artist has least succeeded in the draperies, which are of a material we cannot make out.

No. 140. *Choosing the Wedding-gown*. W. MULREADY, R.A.—This fine picture represents the daughter of the Vicar of Wakefield, accompanied by the young squire, choosing the gown for their wedding. It forms the companion to the *Whistonian Controversy*, from the same inimitable tale, which created such a sensation last season, and, combining a greater number of actors, and a love female figure, is the most covetable work of the two. We have seen few pictures so equal and perfect as this. The discrimination and propriety of character, the earnestness and self-absorption of every actor, the connection and government of the whole, the legibility of the story, and the daring opposition of colours, of blue, red, green, and orange draperies, which a masterly genius has harmonised; and, lastly, the extreme delicacy of the finish, are such as no praise of ours can do justice to, and have rarely been equalled by the most vaunted masters of the Dutch school.

No. 145. *Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington*. H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A.—This is a life-size equestrian portrait of the veteran Duke. It is forcibly painted, and strongly marked with character. Parts of the horse are ill-drawn, the hind-quarters especially are weak. The back-ground does not recede as it should; and, taken altogether, it cannot be termed a successful work.

No. 152. *The Wounded Smuggler*. C. LANDSEER, R.A.—There is so much meritorious painting in this picture, as to make one regret the same outlay of genius had not been expended on a less vulgar and repulsive subject. The scene shews an athletic smuggler wounded in the breast, and lying on a bed on the ground-floor of a cottage. A girl is watching anxiously over him, while an old crone at the fire prepares a potion for the suffering man. These, with a Newfoundland dog, a few kegs, some muskets, cutlasses, and pistols, make up the picture. The story is well told, and the expression of the wounded man, suffering from pain, and that of tearful interest in the girl beside his bed, are true to nature.

No. 165. *Stag at bay*. E. LANDSEER, R.A.—The stag, after chase, has soiled, and is here represented defending himself from the dogs; one he has gored, and the other, afraid to attack, is baying at him. A furious mountain storm pours down, and lashes into spray the waters around. The whole is painted with a force and fidelity which rival nature.

No. 166. *Composition, from Milton's Comus*. W. ETTY, R.A.—We have here some beautiful forms and lovely faces felicitously combined. The glow of colour is fascinating, but the Circe is vulgar, and falls short of the idea of the enchantress which the ancient poets have suggested. The draperies and back-ground are lighter and less finished, if possible, than the other of this artist's works of late years exhibited.

No. 168. *The Poet waiting for Inspiration*. L. HUSKINSON.—A quiet, clever, and pleasing little work. The atti-

tude and expression of the poet are suggestive of the mental throes he is enduring, and the whole is delicately pencilled. The artist, however, has not been happy in his opposition and balance of positive colours.

No. 171. *Mother and Child*. C. R. LESLIE, R.A.—One of the most truthful and touching reflections of nature in the Exhibition. It shows a young mother stooping over and fondling her child; and for purity and truth of colour, and apocryphal sentiment, is quite a marvel.

No. 183. *Portrait of His Grace the Duke of Roxburgh*. The late T. PHILLIPS, R.A.—This is a manly and striking portrait—one that makes us the more regret the loss of this able painter. It represents His Grace in green robes and uniform, with collar of the Order of the Thistle. The figure stands well, and the head is dignified, and suggests an idea of self-possession.

No. 184. *Early Morning*. W. COLLINS, R.A.—Who that looks at this, and witnesses the glow of morning light shining through the vapoury clouds and reflected on the living waters, who observes the simplicity of arrangement which always prevails in nature, feels the fresh breeze that is moving, and looks into the pellucid sheets of thin water left in the sands by the tide, can do other than covet so remarkable a picture? Flat sands and a receding ocean, some cliffs surmounted by a town and church, a couple of fisher-boats heaving off towards the sea, and a couple of boys in the foreground, are all the subject-matter which the artist has dealt with. These have all the force of colour, all the character and freshness of nature.

No. 188. *Il Ponte Rotto*. Rome. C. STANFIELD, R.A.—The point of view has been finely selected for this scene. It shows the remains, massive and grand even in decay, of a bridge over the Tiber. In mid-distance, the river divides, and is spanned by two perfect bridges. A repose prevails over this work which furthers the sentiment inspired by the ruins. The water is not so well painted as could be wished; but it is in the representation of turbulent, not of still, water that Mr. STANFIELD'S power lies.

No. 189. *Solitude*. W. D. KENNEDY; and No. 191. *On the North Devonshire Moorlands*. T. J. SOPER.—These works seem as if purposely placed in juxtaposition, as foils for each other. The first has the benefit of the contrast. Its stillness, fullness of light, beauty of line, and silvery colour, appear to great advantage against the broken masses, hardness, and inharmoniousness of tone which mark the latter of the two.

No. 192. *Portrait of Charles Hardy*. J. P. KNIGHT, R.A.—The finest male head this artist exhibits. The attitude is unconstrained and natural, the colouring forcible and true, and the arrangement simple and judicious.

No. 194. *Portrait of the Duke of Wellington*. Count D'ORSAY.—Incomparably the ablest portrait we have ever seen by the Count. He has made no attempt to correct the infirmities of age, which gather on heroes as on common men, but has painted his Grace exactly as he saw him. It is a profile portrait, shewing the Duke in a plain suit of black, with white waistcoat, blue riband, and his cocked hat under the left arm. The head is impressed with character, and the flesh-tones are of the happiest. This work should have been assigned a place on the line below, where it would have been seen to greater advantage than it is in its present elevated position.

No. 199. *His Royal Highness Prince Albert*. F. GRANT, A.—This is, we opine, a finer picture than its companion portrait of the Queen. The person of the Prince wants roundness, and the flesh-tones are too white and cold. The horse is skilfully drawn. The chief defect of the work is just that which we urged against the portrait of her Majesty, a want of firmness and of finish in the back-ground.

No. 200. *The Choice of Paris*.—W. ETTY, R.A.—This is a shewy, we wish we could add an able work. The figure of Paris is finely conceived, and a model of manly beauty. He is represented giving the apple contended for to Venus, who takes it with an unmoved matter-of-course expression. The goddess of beauty is a full front figure; Minerva stands with her back to the spectator; and Juno is represented in side profile, moving away towards her peacock-drawn car, in a cowering attitude, like a new academy model, as if ashamed to be seen naked. The flesh-tones, as always in this artist's works, are perfection itself; but when he challenge comparison with the old masters, by undertaking this subject, he should have

emulated them in the painting of his landscape and subordinates, which are here as shadowy and tricky as haste and slovenliness can make them. How different, in these particulars, is RUBENS' magnificent representation of this subject in the National Gallery!

No. 201. *A View on the Moor—Grouse Shooting*. T. WOODWARD.—There is much truth and nature in this. The pointer in the foreground is spiritedly laid in, and the attitude is characteristic and exact. The distance of the landscape is weak; the mountain breast wants an effect upon it to give interest; the flat plain, however, is accurately conveyed, and the foreground and figures are admirably painted.

No. 209. *Ruins of the Temple of the Sun, Baalbec*. D. ROBERTS, R.A.—This affords a powerful and impressive idea of the world-renowned remains of the grand temple of Heliopolis. The majestic columns, with their entablature, stand out finely against the blue sky. They are shewn in the middle ground. In front of the spectator is a pool, its banks bestrewn with sculptured fragments, and its water evaporating into mist by the heat. An effect of cool shadow is thrown across the middle distance, over a bridge which spans the water (this must have belonged to the Roman era, as the arch was unknown at the period when the temple was built), and a few characteristic figures, with tents and horses. The whole is painted with a delicate pencilling, and a happy judgment is visible everywhere in the composition.

No. 216. *Quietude Disturbed*. J. WARD, R.A.—Notwithstanding heinous sins of colouring, especially in the sky, this is a clever landscape. It shews a group of cattle going down to water at a brook which crosses the road. Large flocks of bleating sheep are advancing through the dust, while a waggon comes in on the left, and the waggoner's dog runs yelping after a few fugitive sheep. On the right, an old woman and child hurry away over a frail but picturesque wooden bridge. The accident is exactly that of nature; the bustle, haste, action, and noise are admirably suggested; and there is a rustic feeling in this picture worthy of GAINSBOROUGH, and such as only a true artist could infuse.

No. 215. *A Roadside Cottage*. J. STARK.—This, too, is a most truthful landscape. The composition is extremely picturesque, yet without effort to be so. The handling of the trees is free, and their forms and foliage marked with distinctive character. The effects are skilfully thrown in, and the sentiment of the work reminds us of RUYSDAEL.

No. 219. *The Wreath*. D. PASMORE.—An extremely clever sketch; painted with a broad, full, and clear pencil, and of a happy colour. We shall look again for this name, until now strange to us, and hope for able productions in time to come.

No. 232. *Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep*. J. WARD, R.A.—We had but lately to compliment Mr. WARD; we have now to censure him. It is hardly possible to conceive a worse-drawn, more ill-proportioned, dirtily-coloured, or more vulgar figure than that of the woman, nor is the child any better. What can have been the artist's motive for laying before the public such a revolting and disgraceful work, we are at a loss to determine.

No. 239. *Going to Vespers*. F. GOODALL.—The scene of this picture is the porch of a church lit with a lantern which casts its light upon an aged man, a young woman, and a child. The last-named is dropping a dole into the lap of a crouching aged beggar. Without, a glimpse is given of the sky and stars, and through the columns come gleams of moonlight. The cross lights are judiciously and skilfully managed, and everywhere the pencilling is delicate, and the colour pure; nevertheless, it is an unimpressive work. It inspires no sentiment to the mind, which, indeed, regards it with an indifference with which the actual scene would never have been contemplated.

No. 240. *Preparing to throw off her weeds*. R. REDGRAVE, A.—The story here is well told, but carried too far. The scene is one of a shewy young widow, attired in black satin, with an apology for a widow's cap on her head, about to strip off her sables for less sombre clothing. A stiff, old-fashioned dressmaker, unfolds a kind of puce-coloured gown before her, and an attendant stands near. A variegated scarf is thrown across the widow's lap, and on a chair are rolls of amber satin and shot silks. A young officer in uniform is entering at the door, and in the near foreground is a blue bonnet-box, from which peep a bridal-bonnet, and some

sprigs of orange blossom. This, we think, is going too far for good taste in the lady, who, it should be remembered, is yet attired in mourning. Many artistic difficulties are overcome in this work. The balance of violent colours, and the harmony they are reduced to, the accuracy of textures, and truth of the flesh-tones, deserve high praise. Yet, with these excellencies, this cannot be termed a successful work. The sentiment is over-strained, and there is an air of feebleness of fancy painfully apparent, as if the artist composed the several parts of his work with extreme difficulty.

No. 253. *Portrait of Francis Grant, esq.* J. WATSON GORDON.—This is a forcible head; one painted with a broad, full, and free pencil, low in tone, and becomingly impressed with character. Mr. GORDON has nothing in this year's Exhibition which approaches this in merit.

No. 255. *A Summer Evening.* T. S. COOPER, A.—Indisputably the finest cattle piece ever painted by an English artist. It is a flat scene, with a low horizon. In the immediate foreground are a bull and three cows on the grassy margin of a stream. At mid-distance are some cows and calves, a countryman on horseback conversing with a woman, and behind these on the right rises a sloping bank spotted with shocks of wheat. The level beams of a declining sun light up the picture. The grouping of the cattle, and their attitudes, have an originality which such ten thousand times painted subjects seldom offer. The light and fragrant atmosphere are absolutely real, and the most careful finish, even to the delicate grass tufts, prevails throughout. This is a work which not only reflects honour on the artist, but is one of which the Academy may well be proud.

No. 264. *The Sea-bather.* W. ETTY, R.A.—Next after his "Grape Gatherer," this is the finest work Mr. ETTY exhibits. Far greater pains have been bestowed on the background here than is usual with Mr. ETTY. The green water is fluent, thin, and cool as in nature.

No. 265. *Portrait of John Saywall, esq.* R.R. REINAGLE, R.A.—This is a life-like and striking head, strongly marked with character, and truthful in tone. As Mr. REINAGLE can paint such heads as these, we greatly wonder to meet with so few portraits by his hand.

No. 269. *An English River Scene.* T. CRESWICK, A.—We have here a masterly landscape, one thoroughly characteristic of our country. Through the centre of the picture comes down a broad river, spotted at various points with barges and boats. On the left bank are a few trees, from which rises the tower of a church. On the right are some lofty elms, casting a refreshing shade, and a couple of cottages, before which are grouped a quantity of appropriate figures. The unstudied air of this work, the rustic feeling, the exactness of incident, the firm characteristic pencilling, the truth of colour, the space and light which abound throughout, are excellent—indeed, such as only a powerful master could attain to.

(To be concluded in our next.)

STATUES OF THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT.—Mr. Lough has just completed two statues, which are about to be carved in marble, and placed in the vestibule of Lloyd's, in the Royal Exchange. One of them is of the Queen. Her Majesty is represented as the Queen of the Ocean. She is crowned with oak-leaves, and leans upon, or rather holds in one hand, the tiller by which, in classic ages, the helmsman directed his bark. The figure is clothed in an ample drapery, which falls in numerous folds from the shoulders, yet does not conceal the contour and outline of the figure. The statue is something taller than the size of life. The likeness is good; it is not flattered, nor is there any attempt to idealize the countenance or the expression. The drapery is very good, and the details are not too minute to weaken the general character of dignity, or break the boldness of the treatment. Altogether the statue is a good one. That of Prince Albert will probably please more generally than that of her Majesty. It is very free in the outline, and full of life. The Prince wears a long and very capacious cloak, and is decorated with the insignia of the Garter. The length and breadth of the cloak give a classic appearance, without the discrepancy of dressing a modern personage in the robes of a Roman hero; the folds of the cloak are bold and broad. The likeness is

correct. These two statues are perhaps as good as any thing that has yet been done to represent these illustrious persons at full length. They will form an elegant ornament to the place in which they are to be erected, and will increase the reputation the sculptor has already obtained. They are to be seen at his studio in Harewood-square, New-road.

MUSIC.

O! wilt thou leave thy tranquil home? Words by P. MORDAUNT, Esq.; Music by GIUSEPPE VERDI. London, 1846. Duff and Hodgson.

ONE of the favourite cavatinas in the opera of *Nino*, set to English music. The drawing-room is indebted to Mr. MORDAUNT for having thus enabled its audiences to enjoy the exquisite music of VERDI. Such a master's name renders criticism needless. This song carries upon its title-page its own recommendation.

Thou wilt forget. A Ballad. The Words by W. H. BELLAMY, Esq.; the Music by ALEXANDER LEE. London: Duff and Hodgson.

A PRETTY little poem, set to an expressive melody. The composer has caught the spirit of the poet, and breathed in sweet sounds the sentiment of the verse. Its simplicity recommends it to the portfolios of those who prefer the ballad to the bravura.

Why feels my heart thus lonely? A Ballad. The Words by P. MORDAUNT, Esq.; Music arranged and partly composed by T. ROMER. London: Duff and Hodgson.

WE recognise this air as one not unfamiliar, although we cannot recal where or when we have listened to it. But it is not the less welcome, especially as Mr. ROMER has made some judicious alterations. It is a simple, sweet, and plaintive melody, and breathed by one who can throw expression into it, and give to words their meaning by appropriate tones, it cannot fail to please wherever it is heard. But its interest depends altogether upon the manner in which it is sung, and it should be attempted only by such as have themselves emotions wherewith to rouse the kindred sympathies in other minds.

Verdi (says the *Gazette Musicale*) is writing an opera for the Pergola Theatre, at Florence, for the next carnival. What is become of *King Lear*, which he has been so long writing for her Majesty's Theatre?

VIENNA.—The Italian operas performed here are bad enough at present, but the singers are excellent. Madame Tadolini, and Fraschini (the tenor) are described as having no superiors on the Italian stage. Fanny Elssler is performing at the Karthnerthor Theatre, and is the idol of the Viennese.

MUSICAL GOSSIP, &c.—A concert has been given at l'Académie Royale, to introduce two new singers, Sigs. Bettini and Aconi: neither artist seems to have succeeded greatly. A new operetta, *Le Trompette de M. le Prince*, the music by M. Bazin, has been given at the Opera Comique, with fair success. A stir is taking place in the department of regimental music, a commission to re-organise which has been confided to M. Kastner. The Society of Artists-Musicians, too, will shortly give a monster concert, at the Hippodrome, to be composed of all the regimental bands which can be assembled. M. Scribe is about to undertake a journey to Italy; on this, of course, will be built a thousand speculations of interviews with Rossini, and ten thousand rumours of a new opera, &c.—Meanwhile, *Robert le Diable* has been played at Milan for the first time with great success.—The dramatic gossip of France mentions the deaths of two of the ancient celebrities of the stage in that country. Mme. Chagot-Dufay, better known as Mlle. Emilie Contat, has died at Nogent-sur-Vernisson, at the age of seventy-seven years; and Lafont, the great actor, who was by some thought to rival Talma himself, has ended his days at Bordeaux, where he had been for some years re-

siding.—Having announced to our readers the commotion caused in the theatrical world of Paris by the Russian *escapade* of Mdle. Plessy, now Mdme. Arnould, and the vengeance vowed against her by her co-sociétaires—we may inform them that the fugitive actress has been condemned by the Civil Tribunal to pay a sum of 100,000 francs, by way of damages for the breach of her engagement. This, with the costs of suit, makes a tolerably heavy penalty for a frolic. It is said, however, that it will be discharged by the Emperor of Russia, who, in his treaty with Mdle. Plessy, undertook, by his agent, to accept all the pecuniary consequences arising out of her sudden change of service.—*Athenæum*.

THE SECOND ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE.—The arrangements for a second company for the season 1847 are now definitively concluded. The performances will take place at Covent-garden Theatre; and Persiana, the composer, the husband of the great *prima donna* of that name, will be the director, under the control of some large capitalists. The engagements will comprise a triple *troupe* of the most distinguished European singers.

MR. COSTA.—An announcement that we lament to make will be heard with the deepest regret by all amateurs. Such enormous offers have been tendered for the services of Costa as a conductor, for a foreign country, which we are not now at liberty to name, that we fear this eminent musician must accept them. After creating two great orchestras in this country, such a deprivation would be deplorable.

SONTAG AND SCHREDER-DEVRIENT.—It is generally believed that these two great vocalists will visit London again professionally. Circumstances, it is reported, compel the former to return to the stage, and the retirement of the latter on a pension has been countermanded by royal desire.

PARIS.—At the Académie Royale de Musique success still attends the ballet of *Paquita*, with Carlotta Grisi. The manager of Drury-lane Theatre was present at its performance, and has made arrangements for its production in London, for "poetical" Carlotta's *début*, early in June. The return of Madame Stoltz, in Halevy's *Charles the Sixth*, and Duprez, in the *Lucia*, have filled the French opera nightly. *Le Roi David* will be soon produced; after which Flotow's opera of *Le Forestier* will be the next operatic novelty. The marble statue of Rossini is to be inaugurated by a festival, when it is placed definitively at the opera, and his *Stabat Mater*, and second act of *William Tell* will be performed. At the Opera Comique a new work, in one act, *Le Trompette de M. le Prince*, the libretto by M. Mellesville, and the music by M. Bazir, has been produced successfully, and the "future" of the young composer is declared to be very promising. M. Doche's operetta of *Le Veu de Malabar* will be brought out speedily. Auber's new opera will not be ready before the autumn, and will be followed by one by M. A. Thomas. Madame Dorus Gras was singing in Bordeaux, and purposed to visit London before the end of the season. The Italian Opera had commenced at Marseilles, with Madame Rossi Caccia as *prima donna*. It has been rumoured that Mdle. Favanti was a member of the Marseilles *troupe*, but her name is not in the list.

ITALY.—One of the best composers in Italy, Coppola, had produced a new opera, *Orfano Gueffa*, at Palermo with great success. The principal part, who is a kind of Joan of Arc, was a triumph for La Gazziniga, a vocalist who had been very well received in Florence in Verdi's *Joan of Arc*. Madame Eugenia Garcia was singing at the Fenice in Venice, and had been much applauded in Rosini's *Otello*. Genoa boasts of the presence of Ivanoff, tenor, Bassini, the basso, and La Guilli, one of the best sopranos of Italy. Verdi's *Attila* had been produced at Reggio, with La Barbierre Nini, Balzar, Gorini, and Barnabei. Verdi is composing an opera for the Pergola of Florence. Mademoiselle De la Grange, a French *prima donna*, Roppa, tenor, and Varesi, basso, had been engaged for Rome, as also Carlotta Grisi for the next Carnival.

GERMANY.—Jenny Lind is still the star of the German Opera at Vienna, and Tadolini at the Italian Opera. At the latter the tenor, Franchini, and the baritone, Coletti, were also great guns. Flotow's *Stradella* was still the rage in Germany. Fanny Elssler was creating a *furor* in Vienna. Amsterdam letters describe the great success of Mademoiselle Jerr in *Lucia*.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—A new historical play was brought out here on Wednesday night. It is in five acts, and is entitled *The King of the Commons*. Its plot is very simple. The reign of King JAMES the Fifth of Scotland is the period selected for the action—a time peculiarly suited for dramatic representation, and plentiful of dramatic incident. The play introduces the monarch as having discovered a diabolical plot hatched by his lords. Immediately after receiving the first intimation of the design, he proceeds, disguised, to the seat of one of the conspirators, and, after having been attacked by a robber, obtains admission as an invalid. From the attack he was rescued by an orphan youth named Malcolm Young, and in his illness he is attended by the daughter of the house, Madeleine Weir. Sir Adam, her father, is told of the stranger's arrival, and sees his guest. James turns the opportunity to advantage, worms himself into the confidence of the old man by turning poet, and saying many clever things at the expense of the bards. He is at length entrusted with embassies of confidence to the other nobles at court, and which prove to be no less than plans for the destruction of the monarch himself. James returns to his palace, calls his nobles together, and produces their own evidence as proofs against them. They admit their guilt, promise repentance and improved conduct, and James forgives. Many characters and incidents of minor note are introduced. Madeleine wishes to wed Malcolm, but her father has assigned her to Mungo Small, the son of a rich neighbour laird. James, in his character of spy, discovers this, and afterwards, when again seated on his throne, prevents the match. He makes the young couple happy, and thus disconcerts the upstart son of the laird. So the play ends. It almost defies criticism, for the impression left on the mind is that of incompleteness. The drama has not a really great character in it. It conveys no lofty sentiment. There is no real heroism, no devotedness of purpose, no grandeur of conception, no absorbing energy of passion. Things are taken just as we find them recorded in history, and there they are left undecorated with the lines of poetry. James is a man of strong feelings—impetuous—with a sense of deep wrong ranking in his bosom. So far the story is true to the fact. But we are inclined to think that either the author has overdrawn, or MACREADY has overacted, the character. No man could endure such inward and outward conflicts of passion as are represented—the physical energies would fail under the accumulation of so much rant, and storm, and conflict. When the pathetic does take the place of habitual fury, the scene is not within the grasp of a miscellaneous audience. We instantly lose the king and see only MACREADY. The ideal at once fades away. The character is not true to the imagination. When James discovers the plot, he says,

If they desert me, well; I can but die:
And better die than live a powerless king.

This was uttered with marked and deliberate emphasis, but the effect was trifling. The audience seemed disappointed at the sudden transmutation; and in vain did friends endeavour to get up a cheer. The other characters of the piece were well sustained. Mr. LEIGH MURRAY (*Malcolm Young*) seemed to make a great effort to put off his school-boy manner. He has a fine voice, but is too artistic in action. Mrs. STIRLING (*Madeleine Weir*) was quite in her element, alternately friend, nurse, lover, disobedient child, and happy bride. Mr. RYDER, (the old knight, *Weir*), was peculiarly unfortunate. A man of sixty-five he called himself, but he stalked about with Herculean strides. The other characters were well portrayed, particularly the comic ones of *Laird Small*, and *Mungo*, his son (Mr. COMPTON and Mr. OXBERRY). The play was cordially received by the audience; but more, we think, out of compliment to MACREADY's fine acting, and admiration of the gorgeous and novel scenery, than from any warm approval of the writing. It has no self-sustaining power. The characters appear not to be real, but merely the embodiments of an imagination; and they speak deliberate passion, and not as from the heat of impulse. There is little poetry, although a great deal of jesting at poets—no picturesque description, although much talk about the canopy of heaven, the blue stars, foreign climes, and childhood. The conception of the drama is far better than the execution. There was some cheering, a few hisses, and at the end the author was called for. But this is no proof of the merits of the piece. Mere curiosity would tempt to such a call. We cannot hope for the *King of the Commons*, apart from MACREADY, any lengthened popularity. The scenery and entire appointments of the stage are magnificent, and reflect great credit on the taste and liberality of the manager.

MISS KELLY'S THEATRE.—We had the pleasure, on Thursday evening, of witnessing an amateur performance of TOBIN'S comedy of the *Honeymoon*, and the farce of *Wilful Murder*. We

understand it is the first performance of a newly formed society, and have no hesitation in saying that its members may fearlessly challenge a comparison with their predecessors for histrionic fame. It is almost invidious to mention particular characters; but we cannot close this notice without referring to the rôle of the Duke Aranza, Rolando, Jaques, and Lampedo—these characters were sustained to perfection. The same gentleman who personated Lampedo ably represented the character of Sphoon in the farce. The dresses were superb; while the most unqualified praise is due to the stage manager. Nor must we forget to mention the ladies whose services they had the good fortune to secure—Miss M. Taylor and the Misses Vining. In short, a most fashionable and elegant audience were assembled, and all were delighted.

THE CLASSICAL DRAMA.—Professor Geppert (says a Berlin letter), to whose care we are indebted for the representation of several pieces of the Latin drama in the original language, and with an ancient *mise en scène*, is now preparing, in the pretty hall of the Dramatic Society *la Concordia*, of Berlin, a new representation of Plautus's comedy of the *Rudens*. The representation of the *Rudens* will take place at the commencement of June, and will offer this novel attraction—that the female parts will be sustained by actresses; whereas they have hitherto, at Berlin, been intrusted to male actors. The King and the Crown Prince will "assist" at the performance of the *Rudens*.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Dr. RYAN, chemical lecturer at this institution, is at present delivering a series of most interesting lectures. He has taken for his subject the process of diving, and the modes of performing such submarine operations as are required for removing sunken vessels. One would have imagined that such a subject had been long exhausted, and that nothing remained but a dry rehearsal of the history of diving-bells; but we were agreeably surprised. In fact, Dr. RYAN has, almost beyond any other, the talent of seizing upon some apparently trivial and common-place circumstance, and making it the basis of sound philosophical instruction. The learned doctor divided the subject into two departments. First, the physical difficulties attending upon diving; and secondly, the means suggested by the ingenuity of man for the purpose of overcoming such difficulties. Under the first head Dr. RYAN gave a most clear and concise view of the theory of respiration, which he aptly termed the most important act of our existence. He remarked that respiration was so important, that in Holy Writ *life* and *death* are synonymous terms: witness the expression, "And God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life." In Latin the connexion between life and death is shewn in the words *spiro* and *spiritus*; while in the Greek this first and last act of man's life is expressed by a word composed of *alpha* and *omega*, the first and last letters of the alphabet. The professor then proceeded to explain the action of the oxygen of the air in converting venous into arterial blood, and also pointed out that the venous blood could not circulate through the arterial system without becoming a most deadly poison. He described asphyxia resulting from suffocation, and demonstrated that the cause of that condition was the prevention of the passage of oxygen into the lungs, in order that the blood might be arterialized. Dr. RYAN then proceeded to shew that man was formed merely for breathing a gaseous atmosphere; and that, although water contained air, yet man could not separate it for respiratory purposes as fishes do. After speaking of the trained divers of the pearl-fisheries, the professor proceeded to describe the philosophy of a diving-bell, pointing out those principles of science which are involved in its construction and use. He then gave a description of the diving dress, which he happily designated a locomotive diving-bell. Here, also, the lecturer gave some interesting scientific details, proving that unless the head and chest of man were protected by the protruding helmet, the weight of the water would prevent him using the muscles of respiration; for, as the doctor stated, if the chest be half a square foot of surface, at the depth of 15 feet the weight on the chest would be 450 lbs. We ought to mention that the lecture was illustrated by Henke's newly-invented diving apparatus and pumps; there was also shewn, for the first time publicly, a diver's signal, invented by the same gentleman, and approved by General Pasley. The lecture was well attended.

PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT NOW OPEN.

[For the accommodation of our numerous country subscribers during their visits to town, we purpose to insert regularly a list of the sights to be seen. This list will be corrected and enlarged from time to time.]

BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell-street. Open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar-square. Open every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

THEATRES.—Drury Lane—Haymarket—Princess's, Oxford-street—French Plays, St. James's Theatre, King-street, St.

James's—Adelphi, Strand—Lyceum, Strand—Sadler's Wells, City-road—Surrey, Blackfriars-road. All daily.

PANORAMA, Leicester-square. Every day.

DIORAMA, Regent's-park. Every day.

COSMORAMA, Regent-street. Every day.

THE TOWER. Daily, from 10 to 4.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX-WORK, Baker-street.

CHINESE EXHIBITION, Hyde-park-corner.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, Langham-place. Daily, from 10 to 11 at night.

ADELAIDE GALLERY, Lowther-arcade, Strand. Daily.

THE COLOSSEUM, Regent's-park. Day and night.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's-park. Daily, but the visitor must be provided with a member's order.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Kennington. Daily.

MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITIONS now open are—M. Philippe's Conjuring, Strand Theatre, every evening—Mammoth Horse, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, daily.—Ethiopian Serenaders, St. James's Theatre, Tuesdays and Thursdays.—Tableaux Vivants, Dubourg's Rooms, Windmill-street, daily, morning and evening.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

LINNEAN SOCIETY OF LONDON.—On Monday the anniversary meeting of the council and fellows of the above society took place at their institution, 32, Soho-square (the residence of the late Sir Joseph Banks). The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Norwich, president, in the chair, who was supported by Messrs Selby, Yarrell, Solly, Spence, Myers, J. J. Bennett, R. Taylor, and other eminent and scientific gentlemen. From the report, read by J. J. Bennett, esq. the secretary, it appeared that during the past year there had been various scientific contributions made to the society. The receipts had been 852l. 3s. 10d., and after defraying the necessary expenses, there remained a balance of 132l. 19s. Since last year the society had to lament the loss of seven fellows and two associates. Of the former were James Hussey Abraham, esq. who had received a gold medal for the humane invention of a wire gauze mask to prevent the injurious effects arising from the inhaling steel particles by needle-grinders and fine steel workers; Barrio Field, esq. a lineal descendant, in the sixth degree, from Oliver Cromwell, formerly judge of the supreme court of New South Wales, and afterwards of Gibraltar, a great naturalist and botanist; the Rev. D. T. Gisborne, prebendary of Durham, author of "Rural Walks," a zealous collector of specimens of British birds, contributed to the Durham Museum; James Janson, esq. a contributor to the Linnean collection, and who had bequeathed 100l. to the society; Henry Gally Knight, esq. M.P.; T. Knoulton, esq. head gardener to the Earl of Burlington; Richard Latham, esq. late of the brewery of Sir H. Meux and Co.; Dr. C. Lush, late botanical lecturer of St. Thomas's Hospital, and who, from his researches in the East Indies, &c., had recommended to the government the planting of the mulberry tree for the promotion of the production of silk. Eleven Fellows had been elected.

THE ANHYDROHEPSETERION.—Under this formidable name Mr. Bray, of Cranbourn-street, Leicester-square, has ushered into the world a new and ingenious vessel for the cooking of potatoes. It has been said that "the boiling of a potato" is the true test of accomplished cookery. But henceforth all difficulty is to cease upon that point—to have your potatoes properly and wholesomely dressed there is to be no previous washing or paring—no anxious watching of the pot—no dexterous dashing off of steam—no dispute about taking vegetables hissing from the fire or allowing them to stand for five minutes on the hob—all that your cook has to do is to say to the scullion, "Fetch me the Anhydrohepseterion," and then, unwashed and dry, to pitch the potatoes into that vessel, pop on the lid with a bold unfaltering hand, place the magic string of syllables upon the top of a good fire, and allow it to stand there untouched and unmolested for the space of 45 minutes; when, lo! without the aid of one drop of water, you have a kettle full of the best-dressed potatoes in the world, freed from all rancid and noxious qualities, and bursting with a perfect wealth of the sweetest and most wholesome flour. In a word, the Anhydrohepseterion appears to be a really valuable invention; and if the effort to pronounce its name do not produce accidents in the kitchen, the extreme simplicity of its

application may be expected to render it as popular in that region as its good qualities will be sure to make it in the dining-room.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

SURGICAL OPERATION ON A MESMERIC PATIENT.—We, in company with a number of other persons, among whom were several medical gentlemen, yesterday were witness to a surgical operation performed on a patient while in the mesmeric state, which, to say the least, entirely puzzled us. The patient was a coloured servant girl, named Emeline Brown, about thirty-three years of age, who has been living in the family of the Rev. Dr. Higbee. She has been, for some time past, afflicted with a large tumour upon her back, immediately under the left shoulder blade, and has tried various remedies to cure it. She at last concluded to have it cut out, and for that purpose called on Dr. Homer Bostwick, of No. 75, Chambers-street. Dr. Bostwick, who has always been sceptical upon the subject of magnetism, thought this might be a good case to test it, and called upon Dr. Oltz, a magnetic practitioner, living near him. Dr. Oltz, after seeing the girl, expressed perfect confidence in his power to place her in the magnetic state, so that the operation could be performed without the patient's experiencing any pain. Dr. Oltz commenced magnetising her, and succeeded in putting her asleep; the first time in half an hour. Between that time, which was last Wednesday, and yesterday, when the operation was performed, he had magnetised her five times. The operation was performed at 142, Church-street, about four o'clock. Dr. Oltz, assisted by Dr. E. J. Pike, commenced in the usual manner to magnetise her about half-past three, and by four o'clock the girl was sound asleep, and apparently insensible. There were at this time about a dozen persons in the room. Dr. Oltz now said the patient was ready, and left the room, leaving Dr. Pike holding the hand of the girl, with one hand upon her forehead. The girl, before being magnetised, was sitting on a chair with her head lying forward upon a pillow on a table. The upper part of the dress was removed, and Dr. Bostwick putting on his apron, and taking his instruments, prepared to commence. He first made a longitudinal incision, eight inches in length, through the flesh over the tumour, and then commenced cutting round it. When the knife was first put in we were watching the face of the girl closely, expecting to see her start, and hear her scream; but there was not the slightest motion. She lay as still and motionless as a marble statue. Not a quivering of the lip or of the eye-lid could we observe. Dr. Bostwick, assisted by Dr. Childs and Dr. Stearns, continued cutting away upon the tumour, and in three minutes it was taken out, there being, during the whole time, no motion on the part of the girl. During the whole operation Dr. Pike sat near the patient with his hand upon her head. Several physicians examined the pulse, and said it was apparently in a natural state. Dr. Bostwick then, with a large darning needle, sewed up the incision, there still being no motion of muscle or nerve on the part of the patient. After placing adhesive plaster upon the incision, and bandaging it, Dr. Oltz was called in to wake up the girl. This he did by making passes over her face; and upon waking she was told that the operation had not been performed, and that she must now have it done. This was done to see whether she would know anything about it. "Well," she said, "she was sorry, but she wanted it taken out." "Do you feel no pain?" asked Dr. Bostwick. "None," said the girl. "Have you felt none?" "None," was the answer again. She was then shewn the tumour, and seemed to be very glad to see it out. It was an adipose tumour, and weighed 10 ounces. We then left the house extremely puzzled. The persons present who witnessed the operation were Dr. Homer Bostwick, Dr. John Stearns, Dr. Samuel R. Childs, Dr. Eleazer Parmly, Dr. Sherwood, Dr. E. J. Pike, W. H. Stinements, E. L. Fancher, T. G. Hart, Oliver Johnson, John R. S. Van Vleit, and Edward Gould Bufum. The time from which the operation was first commenced till she was awakened was just thirty minutes.—*New York Herald.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR:—From my connection with an Irish country paper, I have enjoyed an opportunity of reading your truly interesting paper, and feel it my duty to tender you my sincere acknowledgments for the sound instruction, as well as entertainment, which it has afforded me.

I have perused with much satisfaction your "Journal of Mental Philosophy;" and from the masterly manner in which the subject is handled, I think very little doubt can be entertained as to Animal Magnetism and Phreno Mesmerism being "great facts." Up to within a few weeks ago I had never seen an experiment of the kind tried; but since then an apprentice in this establishment, RICHARD —, has been several times mesmerised by one of our pressmen, who had himself been a patient in the public *seances* of Mr. ADAIR, and so truly have the phenomena been evinced in strict accordance with the descriptions which I have seen from time to time in your journal, that I not only recognized them immediately, but was able, from the information I had received through you, to direct the operation in several instances when he was at a loss.

Our last investigation of this mysterious influence was on Monday last, when a phenomenon was elicited which, though it may be known to persons who are practically and better acquainted with the subject than I am, I have never seen recorded: but which resulted from an experiment I was induced to make from reading a review in a late number of *THE CRITIC*, upon the polarity of the human frame. This was when the lad was awakened, but with his arms still extended in a state of rigidity; on touching his right hand with a gold ring he experienced a burning sensation, while on applying it to the left he started with a shudder from its intense cold. We repeated the touches several times, and each succeeding touch was more intense in the extreme sensation of heat or cold than its predecessor. Does not this tend to prove the magnetic susceptibility, or rather inherent quality of the human body? During the previous part of the operation RICHARD was perfectly clairvoyant, and readily obeyed the pressure of the operator's fingers upon the cerebral organs. He sang, he danced, he would not pray, "as it was not a fit time or place," he shook hands most warmly, or thumped most violently (though a lad of very gentle disposition), when the different bumps were excited. On being placed *en rapport* with a gentleman who chanced to be present, he imitated him in speaking Irish—a very difficult language to imitate, and of which the boy was, like too many of his countrymen, totally ignorant;—he sang an Irish song, whistled a sweet old Irish air, and gave with life an exact representation of that peculiar yell or whoop, which is only to be heard at a fair in the onslaught of factions, and which few but a genuine and strongly excited peasant can enunciate *con amore* (if I may be permitted to use a *bull*). This staggered the gentleman's incredulity; but to be further convinced, he asked RICHARD to accompany him to his room. "I will," said Richard. "How many glasses are on the table?" said the querist. "A door keeps me from seeing them," said RICHARD. "It's a complete failure," said the gentleman. "The boy is right," interposed his companion, who entered the room a short time after the other, "for I placed them in the closet, before I came out." This was convincing—there was no gainsaying so unpremeditated an instance of the truth of Mesmerism—there could be no fraud, as the *seance* was not for gain; there could be no collusion, as the parties had no knowledge of each other save by sight, and RICHARD had never been in the gentleman's room.

I think it is the duty of every person who sees or hears of truth being contradicted, to tender his testimony in its defence, and to adduce such facts as may strengthen his evidence. I have heard many assertions that Mesmerism is false; I have read many essays to prove it is a humbug; but I have had ocular demonstration that it is a "fact," and if my poor observations can have the slightest weight, I think it is only my duty to record them.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

SELEM.

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

70. NEPHEWS and NIECES (children of his five sisters and brother living at the time of the decease of testator's widow, 10th April, 1836), and their issue, of Mr. SAMUEL COOK, of the town of Northampton, yeoman. (Died Nov. 1832.)
71. HEIR or HEIRS-AT-LAW of MARY BRIGHT, late of Yeovil, Somerset, spinster. (Died April 1810.)
72. NEXT OF KIN of JAMES SCOTT, late of Newnham-street, Edgeware-road, Middlesex, gentleman (died Feb. 1833), or their representatives.
73. CHILD or CHILDREN, or their representatives, of JAMES HITCH, of Westerfield, in the county of Suffolk, clerk (died March 1824), father of Alicia Susannah Hitch, formerly of the same place, but afterwards of the town of Cambridge.
74. NEXT OF KIN of WILLIAM DORKINS, otherwise THOMAS BOSWOOD, late steward belonging to the merchant ship *Sandwich* (died 13 Jan. 1835) a bachelor.
75. JOHN FINLAYSON, formerly of the city of Hereford, gardener, and Elizabeth his wife, formerly ELIZABETH STEWART, spinster, and CATHERINE STEWART, the sister of the said Elizabeth Finlayson, or their representative. *Something to their advantage.*
76. NEXT OF KIN or RELATIONS of SOPHIA SOAMES MONDAY, formerly of Newington-place, Kennington, Surrey, and late of Cowley-road, Kennington, widow (died March 11, 1836). *Something to advantage.*
77. FRANK THOMASSETT (son of Frank Thomassett, formerly of London, Esq. deceased), was seen about thirty years back on board a ship at Greenwich, was afterwards seen as a postboy, employed in driving post-carriages between Rochester and London. *Something to advantage.*
78. NEXT OF KIN of HENRY THOMAS BOWWICK, late of Barton-place, Camden-town, Middlesex (died July 19, 1827), or their representatives.
79. NEXT OF KIN of THOMAS WILLATTS, late of New Basinghall-street, London, gentleman (died Jan. 30, 1831), son of Thomas Willatts, late of the same place, deceased, and their representatives.
80. HEIR-AT-LAW of ESTHER MARTIN, one of the daughters of JOHN MARTIN, formerly of Green-street, Grosvenor-square, Middlesex. *May be heard of.*
81. GRAND NEPHEWS and GRAND NIECES of JOSEPH SHERRARD, late of Lower-street, Deal, Kent, a purser in the royal navy (died 14th of April, 1835), by his will bequeathing property equally to be divided between them.
82. CHILDREN of ELIZABETH WHITE, late of Southgate, Middlesex, deceased; of THOMAS FULLWOOD, late of Pitton, Hertford, deceased; of CHARLOTTE SURREY, late of Codicote, county of Hertford, deceased; of JOHN FULLWOOD, late of Kent-road, Surrey, deceased; of MARY GREGORY, late of Horsey, Middlesex, deceased; of DECIMUS JACKSON, Kent-road, aforesaid; of ANN OAKLEY, now of Waterend, near Weathamstead, Hertford; and of ELIZABETH DEVERELL, of Weathamstead.
83. NEXT OF KIN of THOMAS MOORE (died Oct. 1798), formerly resided at Plymouth, Devon, or their representatives, and NEXT OF KIN of his widow, ANN MOORE. (Died April, 1829.)
84. NEXT OF KIN of HENRY BAYLIS, otherwise HENRY BAYLIS BROWN, formerly of Dover, Kent, late master or commander of the brig or vessel *Elizabeth*, of London, which vessel, on or about August, 1831, was wrecked in the Southern Ocean, on her homeward voyage, and he and Mary, his wife, were lost on board thereof.
85. NEPHEWS and NIECES of FRANCIS DELICATE, formerly of Tunstall, but late of Ripon, Yorkshire, yeoman, died 7th June, 1835, bequeathing to them the residue of his property.
86. HEIRS and NEXT OF KIN of JOHN G. LEAKE, late of the city of New York, U.S. son of Robert Leake, or Lake, deceased, some time in or near Bedlington, in the county of Durham, in England, afterwards Commissary-General of Stores and Provisions, for North America. *Something to advantage.*
87. HEIR-AT-LAW of HENRY BRUCE BECKWITH, Esq. formerly residing at Pisa, in Italy, afterwards of the city of York. (Died February, 1834.)

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.**NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.**

A stamped copy of THE CRITIC sent by post to any Bookseller, or keeper of a Circulating Library, for his own use, at the cost of the stamp and paper only, on payment of not less than half-a-year's subscription (5s. 5d.) in advance, which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

PUBLIC RECORDS.—It is intended to appropriate some building for the reception of these national documents where they can be accessible to readers. They are extremely rich in every department of history, and amongst the most curious parts are 185 Papal bulls, amounting to 198 membranes from 27 Popes, commencing with Innocent III. and ending with Nicholas V. Of these, nine are in good preservation, six pretty good, and the rest in indifferent preservation, many having only been made legible by infusion of galls.

SHAKSPEARE'S AUTOGRAPH.—THE SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—The fifth annual meeting of the Shakspeare Society was lately held at the rooms of the Royal Society of Literature, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square. In the absence of the Marquis of Conyngham, Mr. J. Payne Collyer took the chair. Mr. F. G. Tomlins read the report, which announced the receipts to be 812*l.* 13*s.* 1*d.* and the expenditure 456*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.* leaving a balance of 355*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* exclusive of outstanding subscriptions. After the adoption of the report, and thanks to the members of the council, Mr. Trouard exhibited the original mortgage deed of Shakspeare's property, Blackfriars, which had been discovered amongst Garrick's papers, with the autograph of the poet attached. Letters were read by the chairman, in which it had been offered to the British Museum for the small price of 200 guineas, but which was coldly declined by the authorities of the Museum.

The French Minister of Public Instruction has commissioned a member of the Committee of Arts and Monuments, M. Bottée de Toulmon, to publish a collection of inedited documents relating to the History of the Musical Art in France from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century.

Otto Wigand, a publisher at Leipsic, has been denounced in an ordinance of the Emperor of Austria, for having printed a book stated to be seditious, in the Hungarian language. In consequence, all the books issuing from his establishment are forbidden entry into the Austrian dominions; and, as to the particular book in question, no Austrian publisher or bookseller dare look at it. The restrictions which the Austrian government places upon the liberty of the press are deeply to be deplored. To check and punish the excesses of the press is well; but to prevent it from speaking at all—at least, to prevent it from saying anything but harmless twaddle—will sooner or later be more injurious to the government than all the discussions in the world.

A French journal, *L'Univers Israélite*, gives some account of an acquisition made by the Bibliothèque du Roi, interesting to the students of Talmudic literature. The Rabbins Isaac Lampronti, a physician and judge at Ferrara, who died in 1756, left a remarkable work entitled "Patrad-Jizchak," forming a general cyclopædia of all the matters treated of in the Talmud, and its numerous commentaries. The Royal Library has just obtained possession of the entire manuscript of this great work, which singularly facilitates the study of the Hebrew canonical books, and merits its place beside the Haksakah of Maimonides.

Six scholarships of 24*l.* per annum, tenable for seven years, have been founded in St. David's College, Lampeter, by Thomas Phillips, Esq., of Brunswick square, London. The scholarships are to be open to natives of South Wales; preference being given, *ceteris paribus*, to natives of the counties of Brecknock and Radnor.—*Morning Chronicle.*

GERMAN STUDENTS.—Some one calls out to you by your name, if he happen to know it; if not, by the name of your country, which he generally guesses with tolerable accuracy:—"Es kommt etwas ihnen," meaning "There is something coming to you," raising his glass at the same time, lest you should not understand his object. If you are a novice, you merely bow, and take a sip of your beer, thinking it is all over;

but the ceremony is by no means complete. In the first place, you ought not then to taste the liquor at all, but you must bawl out "Drink!" and then, after the space of a few minutes, return the compliment, by saying, "*Es kommt zuruck*,"—"It comes back again." Such is the process, which it is well to know, as, by not following it, although offence is never taken at a stranger, you will undoubtedly lose caste, and be set down for a "*blummer junge*," that is, a blockhead—a character which, among the students, is treated with the contempt it merits.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

The *Revue Britannique*, in its last number, commits one of the richest blunders I have had the good fortune to laugh at for a long time. In a "Life of Nelson," it describes the immortal hero's preparations for the battle of Copenhagen; and says that, after those preparations were completed, he went in his *gig* with some of his captains to reconnoitre the Danish fleet, adding an explanatory foot-note to the effect that the aforesaid *gig* was—"a sort of cabriolet!"

ROMANTIC STORY.—SIR R. H. DICK'S PARENTAGE.—There is a romantic tale connected with Sir Robert Dick's parentage, which we may here detail. Some sixty years ago, the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, and Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, were on a visit to the Duke of Athol, at Dunkeld. In a hot summer day, they took it into their heads to walk from Dunkeld to Blair Athol Castle, another seat of the duke's, and distant about 23 miles. On their way they happened to observe a young peasant girl, about 19 years of age, engaged in reading a book, at a short distance from the wayside. "Come," said Dundas, "let us see what this sentimental young lady is about." Addressing her, they found that they were not far from her father's house; and being desirous of some refreshment, they entered it with her. While there, they made themselves known. As they were about to leave, Mr. Dundas asked his young friend if he could do anything for her. The young woman requested a few words with him in private; and thus addressed him—"Mr. Dundas," said she, "they tell me you are a great man, and I am sure you are a good man. There is a young man in this neighbourhood who is attached to me, and I would willingly marry him but that he has no prospect of a profession by which he and I may live. He has been studying medicine in Edinburgh. Will you assist him?" "I will," said Mr. Dundas. The latter took down his name; and in a few months he was appointed assistant surgeon to a vessel which sailed for India. Shortly after the youthful lovers were united.—*Scotch Paper*.

A small work, entitled "A Companion to the State Apartments at Windsor Castle," has been written by Royal command, and "almost given away," the price being only a penny. Copies can only be procured of those parties in London by whom the Lord Chamberlain's tickets are issued; and only those persons can obtain them who apply for such tickets. "The Companion" contains a short description of every picture exhibited; and also five lithographic engravings, showing the position of each painting on the walls of the rooms, to which a number is attached corresponding with the number in the descriptive letter-press.

LETTER OF A NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.—The following is a translated copy of a letter forwarded to Captain Wing, of the *Deborah*, while at the Bay of Islands; it is from Pero, one of the chiefs, and an ally of the Colonial Government, whose grandchild was killed at the time of the first conflict between the belligerents, and with whom Captain Wing had become acquainted some time prior to its death. The letter speaks for itself, and if its original could be understood by our readers, it would convince them that these natives are not the veriest fools in existence, nor bad men of business.—"Friend Mr. Wing,—Saluting you, I have great love for you on account of my grandchild, because she was killed by John Heki, at Kororarika, that is why I write to you. Send me some powder, a cask of guns, and some caps. Listen! The Governor Fitzroy has sent me 20 casks of powder and lead. I will leave it to you about sending me some cartouch-boxes, I will leave it to your option. Friend Mr. Wing, saluting you, I have great love for you.—PERO."—*Port Philip Patriot*.

MINIATURE NEWSPAPER.—We have seen a copy of what we believe to be the smallest newspaper in the country. It is named the *Pittenwee Register*, and consists of a single slip about thirteen inches long, and of the breadth of a newspaper column, containing ten small paragraphs connected with the

locality in which it is printed. The object of the publication is to furnish the inhabitants of Pittenween and its vicinity with a brief account of the various incidents that occur in the district, for the purpose of transmitting these to friends or natives of the town who may be residing at a distance, without the labour of writing them in detail in a letter. It is published weekly, and has now been in existence for more than a year.—*Scotsman*.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From May 23 to May 30.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

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THE ART-UNION, Monthly Journal of the Fine Arts, the Arts Decorative and Ornamental, and Record of British Manufacture. Established in January 1839.

The ART-UNION—of which Eighty-eight Monthly Parts have been issued since its commencement in January 1839—has been recommended by the Press, universally, as "ably and impartially conducted;" as "admirably calculated to advance the objects of artists, and increase the growing taste for Works of Art;" and as "at once establishing, by the excellence of its arrangements, the variety and interest of its intelligence, and the tone of its opinions, the highest claim upon all lovers of Art." Similar recommendations have emanated from the foreign press; in *Gullivari* it has been commended for "sound taste and judgment;" and by the *Kunstblatt* (the oracle of Art in Germany) it has been accepted as "a safe authority on all matters appertaining to British Art."

The circulation of the ART-UNION has, during the past year, averaged 5,000 monthly. It is distributed not only among artists generally, but extensively among those whose leisure enables them to cultivate the Arts as sources of intellectual enjoyment, and who seek to be made acquainted with all improvements in Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts, and their application to the Useful Arts and the Arts Decorative and Ornamental, in their several departments.

The ART-UNION is especially recommended to families in which the Arts are studied as sources of intellectual enjoyment. To the Student in Drawing it may prove a most desirable aid, and to Schools a very valuable auxiliary.

To all who are interested in Art—either as a profession or an intellectual luxury—the ART-UNION cannot fail to be an acquisition. Its leading conductor, although his connexion with Art has been long and intimate, is not an artist. His aim is to be at once just and generous; to divert criticism of confusing and cumbersome technicalities; to avoid prejudice and partisanship as the most dangerous of all evils; to maintain and prove the pre-eminence of British Art; and, by the exertion of continual energy and industry, to advance a profession which receives, and is worthy to receive, the highest veneration; in short, to supply to artists, amateurs, and connoisseurs, accurate and useful information upon all subjects in which they are interested, and to the public the means of justly ascertaining and estimating the progress of Art, both at home and abroad.

Each monthly Part of the ART-UNION is largely illustrated by Wood Engravings, describing the various subjects under consideration; those, for the most part, exhibit the progress of taste as applied to manufactures, and are suggestions for decoration and ornament; woodcuts, however, are frequently introduced, of portraits, popular pictures, and other objects of interest; while presented with each number is an Engraving on Steel, or an example of fine Lithography, the cost of which, separately, would greatly exceed that of the part in which it appears.

Part LXXXIX. of the ART-UNION, commencing the Eighth Annual Volume, was published on the 1st of January, 1846; and the occasion is suggested as convenient for new Subscribers, who may thus be enabled to complete the work during the ensuing year. Hitherto much inconvenience has arisen in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining "sets," several of the Parts having been "out of print."

To Manufacturers, Decorative and Ornamental Designers, their Employers, and Artisans, and all who are interested in improving the Useful Arts by subjecting them to the influence of the Fine Arts, the ART-UNION Monthly Journal is recommended as supplying such practical information as may enhance the mercantile value of the various productions of British industry.

In order to communicate facts so as to render them available as suggestions to the producer, the several articles are illustrated by Explanatory Woodcuts. They are addressed to every trade in which taste can be brought to co-operate with the artisan; and the mercantile value of the useful arts be augmented by the aid of the fine arts.

The ART-UNION Journal, as its name imports, was instituted mainly to enforce the necessity of union between the different branches of Art, and more particularly the intimate connection that exists between those Arts which have been regarded as entirely artistic, and those which have been deemed exclusively mechanical; the purpose being to shew that mind as well as hand is required in every branch of Decorative Art.

The publication, therefore, is recommended to the attention of persons interested in the cultivation of the arts of Decoration and Ornament—in the furnishing of houses with taste, elegance, and judgment; and in the introduction of improvements in designs for British manufactures—from articles of high importance to the most trifling matters in general use, which may be made subservient to the judicious education of the eye and mind—a work in which every manufacturer is unconsciously taking an active part, and which he either advances or retards, more or less, by every article he multiplies and circulates among mankind.

Thus publicity is given, as far as the influence of the Journal extends, to any improvement introduced in the external form and character of articles of British manufacture. The supremacy of our manufactures has been long maintained, and is universally acknowledged on the continent. While, however, the foreign producer admits our superiority in the very essential points of substance and durability, he generally refers with mingled triumph and scorn to the forms of our productions. But a time is approaching when we may surpass the foreign competitor in design as much as we have hitherto excelled him in material.

In pursuance of our plan, therefore, we shall notice every improvement in manufactured articles where the influence of the Fine-Arts has been or may be exercised; and, wherever our notices require the aid of explanatory woodcuts, such woodcuts shall be associated with them. We may thus hold out a sure encouragement to improvement, in giving to such improvement that publicity which rarely fails to secure substantial reward, while exciting a more general desire to achieve excellence.

Hitherto the manufacturer has had no medium by which he could make known the improvements in taste and external form to which his productions had been subjected; for the public journals have completely overlooked the silent but powerful instructors which emanate from the factories of Great Britain.

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